THE
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DECEMBER, 1932

AGRICULTURAL RECONSTRUCTION
Viscount Lymington, M.P.

A TARTAR: A SHORT STORY
Margaret Kennedy

NAVAL TRAINING
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AMERICA'S UNEMPLOYED
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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
Edited by Herbert Agar

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DICTATION.

The present plight of Britannia in a chaotic world.

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Current Comments

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A Task Well Done

THE session which ended on November 17 was a memorable one. The National Government was returned with an explicit mandate for three tasks, the immunization of the currency from foreign attack, the balancing of the budget and the restoration of a favourable trade balance. These tasks it has accomplished so satisfactorily that it has been able to crown its achievement with the brilliantly successful Conversion scheme. In recording these significant achievements history will note what contemporary commentators have altogether ignored, and that is that these achievements are wholly due to the Conservative party which has kept in office a non-party administration of the centre which never enjoyed the confidence of organized labour and has since lost that of organized liberalism. It is not without purpose that we stress this point. It is being argued to-day that credit for the achievement belongs to the Government as such, and that its brilliant record entitles it to the unswerving support of the House of Commons for the duration of Parliament.

What are the Facts?

WE do not wish to deny for a moment the courage and public spirit with which the Prime Minister and the Liberal leaders agreed last year to share with the Conservative party the responsibilities of office and the unpopularity of many of the measures of economy and taxation which were then necessary. The fact remains that the country at the last election turned its back decisively on the liberal-labour policies which had provoked the crisis, and that so far from the immense conservative poll being due to liberal and labour

support, it is certain that without conservative support not a single member of the National Labour party, and only a handful of Liberals, would have been returned. If the country is to suffer periodically from the whims of democracy, let it for Heaven's sake be allowed to profit by them when fortune provides the opportunity. The idea that when the country votes labour we are to acquiesce in labour policies with a good grace and that when it votes conservative we are to refrain from putting conservative principles into effect out of loyalty to a handful of non-party ministers returned by conservative votes is frankly absurd.

When is a Mandate not a Mandate?

THERE are only two theories of parliamentary government. The first is that the nation elects representatives, who collectively form the nation in miniature, and as such have sovereign power jointly with the Crown and subject to the suspensory veto of the House of Lords. The other is that the nation votes for this or that party and gives the party who gets a majority a "mandate" for the party's declared programme. Sometimes there is a clash between these theories. This was the case in 1924, when the nation returned a conservative House of Commons which was, nevertheless, held pledged not to impose a tariff but, on the other hand, to extend the franchise, in both cases wholly against the judgment of the nation's elected representatives. We thought then, and still think, that the mandate theory is constitutionally untenable and politically disastrous. But it is unnecessary to argue the point because on either theory the Conservatives to-day have not merely the right but the duty to put into operation those policies which their reason tells them are needed. Whether they are representatives with a duty only to their conscience or mandatories who asked for and obtained a vote in favour of a "free hand," their duty is clear.

A Vicious Doctrine from America

IT is thus necessary to protest against the attempt, in the government's interest, to import from America the new and vicious constitutional doctrine that the nation elects neither representatives nor mandatories, but an executive government for a period of four years. This doctrine can only lead in the long run to the complete paralysis of government. It is to-day threatening to produce that result in the very short run. The government is by its political complexion, which is at best left-centre, out of touch with the House of Commons, which has a clear and vigorous majority of the right. It claims that it, and not the majority of the House of Commons, is the recipient of the nation's mandate, and it proposes to retain office by a series of what it absurdly calls " concessions " to people who are still more absurdly called extremists. The result is that we shall be offered a little protection, a little assistance to agriculture, a foreign policy blowing alternately hot and cold, an Indian policy with two voices in flat contradiction with each other, and a currency policy dictated not by the country's elected representatives but by the mandarins of Threadneedle Street.

Obsta Principiis

IN this situation we must take comfort when we can. We welcome accordingly the *Morning Post's* bold and skilful attempt to define shortly but precisely the fundamental principles which governments can only contravene at their peril. We cannot congratulate the press on its reception of this attempt. As a nation, we once led the world in political philosophy and prided ourselves on our ability to argue about fundamentals without anger or malice and with at least a clear understanding of what was at stake. Most of the comments we have read in the press on the *Morning Post's* manifesto show very little understanding. The *Spectator*, for instance, contrasts the " point " about inequality, with the state-

ment in the Declaration of Independence that all men were created equal. Can it really be necessary to tell political journalists to-day that men who are unequal in their intellectual and physical capacity may still be equal in the sight of God. Lord Ponsonby's comments are even more surprising. He is disgusted to find no jingoism, no snobbery, and no avarice in a statement of Conservative principles, and finds it "almost inconceivable" that a newspaper should print a criticism of the principle of representation. How delightfully old-fashioned!

Agriculture and the House of Commons

WE draw attention to the second of Lord Lymington's articles on agriculture, and also to Lord Knebworth's striking article on war and peace. The fundamental questions dealt with in the articles cannot be met with a compromise or a conference. We have got to have the courage of our convictions, or hand over the government of the country to men like Mr. Maxton who do not suffer from an inferiority complex. Let us remember that the history of the world is the history of the opposition. No large body of opinion was ever agreed on any sound principle until men had preached it in the wilderness and shown in this way their own belief in it. Men who are not prepared to sacrifice office for Conservative principles have no shadow of right to stand as Conservative candidates. The country for the first time since the reform of the Corn Laws is prepared to stand by agriculture. It is prepared to make the sacrifices necessary to restore agriculture; men who have lost hope (and with reason) in the towns are turning to the country for the first time in a hundred years. And the Government offer us an International Conference in 1933! It is the clear and simple duty of the House of Commons to give the Government their instructions and see that they are acted upon at once. British agriculture will be saved. There is no doubt about that. It is the House of Commons which is on trial.

Peace at any Price

SOME rather hysterical cries for peace have been raised recently by very young men much in the public eye as public entertainers of different kinds. They claim to speak for youth. They want peace "at any price." We do them the credit of assuming they mean what they say. If so, it follows that they are not prepared to lift a finger in any circumstances for any cause, whatever it may be; that there is nothing in the world worth fighting for. Very well. That is an intelligible point of view. But something rather significant follows, and it is this. These young men, visibly and vocally, are in the world, and, indeed, play a fairly prominent part in it. They are occupied in speaking to a world so worthless in their eyes that none of them would lift a finger to protect their fellow inhabitants of the world from any atrocity, from any persecution, from any oppression. Is it really probable that the world is going to listen to writers and speakers who regard it with such calculated contempt. Of course not. To get a hearing for their peace at any price campaign, they have got first to persuade the world that all its activities are futile, all its ideals futile, all its philosophies barren. And having so persuaded the world, they will inevitably be faced with a world too bored and too tired and too sick to listen to any one at all—with a world so sick of life that even a futile and wicked war would be a welcome relief from the inanity of meaningless chatter about things which themselves have no meaning. That is not the path to peace, but to world chaos.

Disarmament and World Peace

IT is a tragedy for the unfortunate inhabitants of our world that the disarmament conference should have been so shamefully exploited by interested cranks for selfish ends. A bare handful of disinterested people could and would have reached an agreement. The factious appeals of China, Germany, the United

States and the British pacifists have, however, brought Europe to the brink of war. Peace is balanced to-day on a razor's edge. It is essential, if we are to be spared the catastrophe of another war, to realize why this is. It is because the United States insists on large battleships, which means, in effect, on naval pre-eminence; because Germany insists on being empowered to force, if necessary by military measures, a change in her Eastern frontiers (there is not a journalist in Fleet Street who doesn't know this or is allowed to say it) and because China insists in asserting a paper sovereignty against the damning fact of an anarchy which she is powerless to control. Behind all the facile middle-class eloquence of the League of Nations Union and kindred bodies, these are the facts—hard and sinister facts which have to be faced with honesty and courage before we can achieve peace.

Some Salient Facts

WHO prevents the reduction in the size of battleships to 10,000 tons with corresponding reductions in other classes of vessels? The United States. Who prevents the drastic reduction of all continental armies to a militia level? Germany, because she will give no undertakings as to her intentions in regard to the Polish frontier. Who prevents Japanese acquiescence in any proposals for a reign of law operated from Geneva? On the one hand, China, because her case rests on the right of a technically sovereign state to allow widespread anarchy without interference, and, on the other hand, the secretariat of the League, because they know that united action to bring China to a sense of her responsibilities is impossible. Men say that France is frightened. Of course France is frightened. Germany has declared, in the plainest of peace language, her intention of tearing up part of the Versailles Treaty as soon as she has the power to do so. Why pretend that this is not so? The French case is not that the Polish frontier is fixed

necessarily for all time. It is that Poland has rights which cannot be taken away by unilateral action and that if France is to trust to the League to prevent unilateral action, the League must give some practical indication (*a*) of its intention and (*b*) of its power to discharge this task with honesty and efficiency.

Having it Both Ways

IT is a familiar but silly device of politicians to assume that you can get at the same time the moral credit for enunciating the ideal of the reign of law and the practical credit for denying its applicability to the world in which we live. It seems necessary to point out (though why it should be passes belief) that an ideal which is not applicable to the circumstances or the time is not an ideal but a delusion. Statesmen must learn, like other and wiser men, that they cannot have it both ways. Either they are enlightened and determined men prepared, at any cost, to insist on the rule of international law, in which case they must set up machinery for enforcing their decisions, and agree on principles which shall inform those decisions, or they are shrewd realists, ready to sacrifice every principle in the interests of a patched-up settlement. But if this latter is their position, let them say so, and let them prove it by adopting an equal realism in dealing with the Chinese anarchy. We regret to have to say it, but behind all this chatter about peace there is not only no clear thinking, but there is no clean thinking. We are asked to be realists in the case of Poland. We are told bluntly that Polish "rights" must be sacrificed to preserve peace. But in the East we are told the Chinese "rights" are sacrosanct. In the one case we are asked to tear up a solemn treaty made only fourteen years ago. In the other case we are asked to tolerate an intolerable anarchy. We are told that in the case of Poland, treaties are not sacred—that we must be men of the world. In the East we are told that the future of civilization depends

on a literal interpretation of treaties, even in the worst possible case. This is not honest or enlightened—it is the old diplomacy at its worst, and it is leading us smugly into war.

The Path to Peace

YET the path to peace is not hard to find. It lies in a quadruple alliance between Germany, Italy, France and ourselves. Such a coalition can dictate its own terms to Europe and enforce them. The alternative is war. The idea that the votes of small States can overawe the Great Powers is fatuous. If they attempted to do so, it would involve us in a hundred years war about nothing. For they stand for no principle. Law? Order? Freedom of Trade? Toleration? Civil and religious liberty? Who cares for these to-day? If the small nations were solid for these causes they could dictate to the world, but they would not and do not lift a finger for any one of them. And everyone knows it. There is no atrocity so vile that it creates a flutter at Geneva. And everybody knows it. The time is coming, and very rapidly, when those in high positions will not only know it but say it. And when that time comes peace will become a possibility. Not before.

A Franco-Italian Accord?

HAPPILY, as we go to press, news comes that a Franco-Italian *entente* is a probability of the very near future. In such an event, a noticeable step forward would have been recorded, and the first essential preliminary to the vital quadruple alliance would have been satisfactorily achieved. That is not, alas, to say that English diplomacy will necessarily be wise enough to seize the opportunity which will then be offered to it.

Mr. Roosevelt's Victory

MR. ROOSEVELT'S victory will have a cheering effect on the United States. Mr. Hoover, for all

his plumpness, had become a symbol of the depression; hence his removal will seem a good omen. Whether it will have any effect outside the realm of magic depends on whether Mr. Roosevelt can dominate his Congress. If so, he will have an intelligent liberal administration—neither startling nor satisfactory, but far better than Mr. Hoover's sorry muddle. He will create labour exchanges and compulsory unemployment insurance; unable to keep both his promise for drastic economy and his promise for social services and public works, he will keep a little of each, thus annoying everybody. And in foreign affairs he will neither reduce the tariff very much, nor encourage the outward flow of gold via foreign loans, nor cancel war debts. In other words, there is no reason to expect Mr. Roosevelt to put the world on its feet. Unlike his predecessor, however, he will do nothing to keep the world on its back.

The £ Sterling

WE earnestly trust that Conservative members will insist on an undertaking from the Government not to revert to the gold standard (at any parity) without giving the House of Commons an opportunity of expressing its views. The effect of such a return at a parity of, say, 3·50 dollars to the £ sterling, would be wholly bad, unless British wholesale prices had risen, by the date of our reversion to the gold standard, at least to the 1928 level. To wait for international action to raise the price level is to wait till the Greek kalends. We shall have to solve this problem for ourselves as far as sterling prices are concerned; the burden on British industry consists mainly of sterling indebtedness, and rates and taxes payable in sterling. Until current sterling prices assume a reasonable relation to the prior charges on industry and to the State's obligations in terms of sterling, we cannot recover industrially. It is, therefore, absolutely vital to ensure that we do not once again return prematurely to the gold standard.

Aerial Bombardment

MR. BALDWIN'S notable speech on air armaments comes at a time when eloquence is not enough. Aerial attacks on non-combatants can be prevented, but only by an undertaking on the part of all nations to put their neutrality on one side in the event of such attacks being made by any belligerent power. The definition of the areas to be regarded as " non-combatant " presents difficulties, but no one pretends that these difficulties are insuperable. The obstacle to an effective limitation of aerial warfare is that no power will agree for the sake of humanity to pledge itself to intervene in a struggle which does not directly concern it. Until the majority of mankind are willing to suffer, if necessary, in this cause, it will not prosper. The pacifist hope of finding a formula for preserving peace or limiting the horrors of war which will act without any force behind it is quite vain. If peace were as easy to achieve as that, it would have been ensured four thousand years ago.

Back to Coal

CAPTAIN ACWORTH'S " Back to the Coal Standard " has, as we hoped, caused considerable stir in the City and in the industrial districts of Great Britain. Within a few weeks of its publication its author has been pressed to launch a national campaign to free industry and individuals from the restrictions and " coddling " to which they have grown accustomed, and at an influential meeting at Winchester House a Committee was recently formed to assist Captain Acworth to launch his campaign. Though it is generally admitted that the policy advocated in " Back to the Coal Standard " is the only policy by which the coal industry can recover, and, indeed, exceed, its former prosperity, the political and economic doctrine upon which the book is founded has proved too uncompromising for the Liberal Association of Pontypridd, which prefers the amiable socialism of official Liberalism as expounded by Sir Herbert Samuel. Evidently the

doctrine of self-help, self-reliance and public financial purity, once the backbone of the Liberal Party, and always anathema to the Socialist Party, is to modern Liberalism as dead as the dodo. By exposing and stopping the Liberal policy of subsidizing, in the name of Progress, the new industries at the expense of the basic industries, and very notably the railways and coal industry, the Conservatives have an admirable opportunity of " dishing the Whigs."

The American Debt

AS we go to press, we learn of Mr. Hoover's decision in regard to the British Debt to America. The effect of this on the Lausanne Agreements will soon be clear. We have suffered a diplomatic rebuff of the most striking kind, but these fruits of the new diplomacy are becoming familiar.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Principles of Agricultural Reconstruction

II.—The External Position

By Viscount Lymington, M.P.

Lord Lymington's first article on Agricultural Reconstruction appeared in the November issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SINCE the last issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW went to press, we have had the full text of the Ottawa Agreements debated in the House. In the course of the debates the Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledged that the position of the livestock industry had become desperate, and that the hopes of any early benefit from the Ottawa Agreements on meat had disappeared. Those who were not of necessity too occupied in day-to-day negotiations foresaw that something drastic would in any case have to be done. Ottawa is only the framework about which a watertight vessel may be built. It is necessary therefore to enumerate immediate methods of salvaging agriculture, before dealing with any further policy.

All meat prices are interacting. Cheaper wholesale cold bacon for Saturday supper means a cheaper wholesale joint for Sunday dinner. Our own cattle population has risen substantially in the last eighteen months, likewise the number of sows and ewes. A large decrease in consuming power from increased unemployment has set in at the same moment. Not only does a man out of work have less money, he has less appetite. In the *ennui* of worklessness there is a greater and very natural tendency to neglect the essentials of nourishment, if the money saved on these can be spent on cigarettes, cinemas or football matches, which serve to make existence tolerable. This alone probably accounts for the fact that imports of chilled beef from the Argentine have last year been 7 per cent. below the average of the

three previous years. Thus, in spite of a temporary decrease of imported Irish cattle, a merely constant level of chilled meat imports from the Argentine and a similar level of frozen lamb and mutton from the Dominions was bound, as a check on falling prices, to be ineffectual. If one adds to that an increasing import of bacon from Europe, the reason for the catastrophic fall in prices is obvious.

The Minister of Agriculture has acted quickly. The Argentine firms have been induced voluntarily to make a serious reduction of imports as soon as possible. Similar negotiations are taking place with Scandinavia and Holland in regard to bacon. This method of receiving gratuitous favours at the hand of the importers is dangerous, and will be discussed below. But it may be effective temporarily, though less perhaps than many people expect. The writer has no pedantic affection for tariffs as a means of protection on perishable foodstuffs. These have not only to be marketed soon after production, but they must be killed or harvested at the time of maturity. Tariffs cannot prevent fluctuations by glut. They have in any case been ruled out in the implicit agreements of Ottawa. We must therefore be prepared to have recourse to far more drastic regulation of imports. The Irish cattle accumulating behind the Free State borders will inevitably come here soon, even if no settlement is reached. Nothing short of an embargo can keep them out.

A new mutton agreement with the Dominions will have to be negotiated as soon as possible for their sakes and ours. In order to please everyone at Ottawa it was necessary to help no one, for the moment, as far as meat was concerned. An immediate limitation of bacon, coupled with further restriction on beef and mutton, will be necessary to save the livestock industry in the coming months.

But the arable districts have been more disastrously affected by the fall in livestock prices than they were

by the fall in cereals. Therefore as a temporary measure the wheat quota acreage should be increased by another 200,000 or 300,000 acres.* The absurdity and the injustice of the beer tax is becoming daily more apparent. It should be lowered for the next budget by at least the last 1d. imposed. At the same time all barley unstained or not kibbled should have a substantial duty of 10s. to 15s. per quarter imposed. This in effect would allow feeding barley to be sent in free and malting barley to be taxed. The Treasury does not want the trouble of devising such watertight regulations. They have for eight years now employed their experts in finding objections to this tax. It is time they used on this problem some of the ingenuity shown in dealing with the income taxpayer.

A temporary duty of 10s. per quarter on oats might help the Scottish oat grower, while it would not seriously hurt the farmer feeding livestock in the next year owing to the many alternative feeding stuffs.

But undoubtedly the soundest relief to arable distress lies in saving the livestock industry. If the emergency measures alluded to above are made operative for beef as soon as possible and for cereals before the spring planting season, then the nearly bankrupt industry will be able automatically to get temporary accommodation from the banks, until agricultural credit can be soundly reconstructed on the basis of its own potential production. No other temporary credit measures would be needed, nor should we press for them; since we might, by asking favours from the banks, prejudice any further efforts at freeing agriculture from the vested interests, not immediately concerned with purely domestic issues.

This also is the note of warning to which we must listen in all our efforts abroad on behalf of agriculture. However well-meaning the banks may be, they are in

* Owing to wheat having been the only paying cereal crop this year undoubtedly a far larger acreage is now being planted than was contemplated when the Quota Bill was introduced.

their essence international with large foreign commitments. That is why the establishment of land banks for home agriculture as a domestic business is so necessary. It is only desperation that is making the city temporarily turn to the land as one of several ways of salvation. If international trade should ever revive, even through the remonetization of silver in the East, the land will be the first thing the international trading and industrial interests will be ready to sacrifice.

Now that the devil is sick we must take care, therefore, that his ephemeral saintliness has permanent effects. The voluntary meat agreement with the big Argentine importers is a most dangerous proceeding for the future. We have for the moment accepted a favour which is quite properly of equal benefit to a stricken River Plate, since regulated imports at reasonable prices are better for the importers than unlimited dumping at a dead loss. There is, however, among elder statesmen (who have to be responsible for the transition from *laissez faire* to control) a very strong tendency to accept this favour of voluntary concordats as sound permanent business. Yet it will have the effect of unifying the importers as never before and therefore of making an external vested interest far more powerful, and still further from effective control by the nation. A millers' corporation in this country is under control of the Wheat Board; but if the milling were all done abroad such a body would be a menace at any moment of danger both in big business or international crisis.

It must not be forgotten that we have some hundreds of millions invested in Argentine and Uruguay. Our industrialists are making laudable efforts to increase their trade with these countries. Much of this is equipment and therefore done on credit. In spite of the fact that the Argentine in 1930 bought from us only £25,676,179, in 1930 we took from her £56,665,679, mostly meat and maize. On a balance of earned income or barter trade we could still cut off imports by £15,000,000 and leave

plenty of room for expansion in exports. But it would immediately leave no balance of imports to pay for the interest on money invested there or for new credits from equipment in rails, machinery and plant still to be provided by our manufacturers.

In the main there are three kinds of trade. Barter is the most important, as being a direct exchange of goods needed between two countries. If these goods could be usefully produced and exchanged within one country it would be sounder and more stable to do this than engage in similar foreign trade with all the international risks and dangers of one-sided production. But in general barter trade between nations is justifiable and useful, especially if such nations have the same standard of life; that is if the nation with the high standard is not buying ten men's work with the work of one man, which happens frequently in trade to-day.

The second kind of trade is export of equipment, often done in order to enable a foreign nation to compete ultimately with the exporter at his own game. Since the importer of equipment generally can only pay with the products of his newly-equipped plant, this leads to the exporter lending the past profits of home industry on interest to the foreign importer of equipment.

This leads, in turn, to the third source of trade, which is indemnity or tribute trade, that is, goods sent in to the lender in order to buy the money with which to pay interest and amortization. This holds equally true of reparations or interest on foreign investments, which we call invisible exports, a source of pride to our bankers and temporary strength to our budgets, but a woeful evil to the primary producer.

Thus the danger of exporting on credit or granting foreign credits out of past profit is that you create inflation temporarily, but lead to deflation, low wages, and low standards of life sooner or later. The inflation comes about for the exporting country through the enlarging of plant to meet orders for equipment which, by new com-

petition, will reduce the export market in the future. For the borrower the temporary inflation comes from the work given in the course of setting up fresh business, but the deflation inevitably follows when the interest has to be paid. In order to pay this interest the worker must undercut in the export market. Hence low wages and low purchasing power and, *pari passu*, unemployment through the use of new machinery to cut labour costs. If a machine replaces three men out of four, the capitalist is obviously not going to give the equivalent wages of the three men to the one remaining else his whole effort in undercutting would be wasted. Thus purchasing power decreases. This is the fundamental cause of pogroms in the past, currency crashes and unemployed riots in the present. The nineteenth-century economists did not see this because the equipment period lasted a very long time. To-day, in the international sense, it is nearly over. And in the meantime the production of new labour-saving machinery, in itself a new form of equipment, has tended first to slacken and then to accelerate the speed at which disaster has overtaken the world. Since the signs were disregarded the cataclysm has been the more complete.

The United States is the best and least understood example. So long as she was in general self-supporting and non-exporting her prosperity was sound. But she expanded all her production in the war to equip Europe with munitions and food. Unluckily for herself she insisted on being indemnified. With the proceeds of her indemnity she then lent to Europe the same money with which to buy the equipment of peace for the newly-expanded and still expanding factories of the U.S.A. The lending country still resolutely refused to take goods in exchange for the indemnity and so went on inflating the purchasing power of Europe by relending. Europe was nothing loath to join this merry dance. Inflation of U.S. prosperity made gambling in stocks and shares a fool's paradise. But it meant the withdrawal

of money lent to Europe on short term to play the gambling game in Wall Street. Europe fully equipped with nowhere to send her goods could not pay. The U.S.A. over-equipped* with no one to take her goods collapsed, not from any inherent weakness in raw materials or labour, but from sheer financial idiocy.

The understanding of this is important because the position was not due to tariff walls or free trade, but to making free trade omelettes with unbroken tariff eggs. Our troubles are less desperate, but more deep-seated because our people have played the same game with more skill and moderation for far longer.

The writer makes no excuse for this digression because it is essential to the understanding of any principle of agricultural protection. It makes clear the reason why international industrial and banking business, if uncontrolled, must be involuntarily unpatriotic and disastrous in the long run. Nor can a pull devil pull baker international control succeed in bringing order out of this chaos. It must be a patriotic national policy working first with the Empire and then adjusting itself to foreign trade with the least dislocation but the utmost firmness in dealing with all vested interests.

Equipment trade need not necessarily be bad if soundly directed and provided with the shortest credit possible. But it is obviously far sounder to equip our farms and drain them and fence them and afforest land than to lend to Russia on credit the repayment of which must ruin home industry.

Hitherto we have kept up a system of free imports quite logically in order to receive tribute on past loans. Such a system could last in a banking city, like Venice, or a very small country, like Holland, acting for their living, as the financial middlemen of half the world. But such a system for 42 million people potentially producers was

* U.S. steel is equipped to make a profit on 80 per cent. output. Its home consumption, normally not above 60 per cent., has lately been about 18 per cent.

bound to end. We are now busy trying to protect the purchasers and at the same time to keep our invisible exports. But having the middleman tradition we seem likely to sacrifice the producer just as the U.S. with opposite tradition has spiked the wheels of distribution. Each country will fail until it makes up its mind which course to follow.

If the Argentine wishes to do barter trade with us, well and good, provided always that that trade does not interfere with our own balanced life. If, however, we wish to export manufactured goods in exchange for meat at the expense of our efficiently organized home meat industry, it will be a mistake; because our industrial production so heavily outweighs our agriculture that anything tending to perpetuate this must be undesirable for national health and safety. In any case, this same market is open to our industries if they produce the equivalent goods for the consumption of a rural population which, if prosperous, cannot be less than 7,000,000 souls and might well amount to 12,000,000 all told.*

This is the cause of our position *vis-à-vis* the bacon and dairy produce exporters of Scandinavia and Holland. Denmark, for instance, sent us some £54,000,000 worth in 1930 of such products, while we in return exported to them some £11,000,000 of coal and manufactures. With Scandinavia it is not a question even of making up the adverse balance with invisible imports. It is simply a question of unequal barter trade. We are living far below our earned income.

The Scandinavians, seeing the red flag, have been making frantic efforts to correct this by exhibitions, Royal visits and *buy British* propaganda. Our manufacturers, seeing a home agriculture bankrupt through our previous policies, are doing their best to respond. A new set of vested exporting interests is being created. It is

* 1,500,000 farmers and labourers with their dependents would amount to 7,000,000, while those living in the country doing business ancillary to agriculture are in numbers nearly to those directly employed on the land.

not a question that can be answered by saying that although the direct adverse balance is obvious, yet we gain in the end because trade is triangular, and the Scandinavians in effect buy their goods from other people, who again buy from us. Trade may be polygonal; but the fact remains that if we exclude tribute trade, that is the majority of our invisible exports, we are living well outside our earned income. Earned income is the only thing which gives employment directly, unearned national increment from savings invested abroad can only help to pay a permanent dole.

If agriculture is necessary not only to our national balance of health and stability, but to our safety in any crisis, we cannot disregard it for the sake of complying with nineteenth-century economics, which at their best were never more than superficially healthy. If we can do honest barter trade without injuring our own population, then the Scandinavian countries almost as much as the Dominions are the soundest markets to trade with.

Trade that can be efficiently done within one's own borders is safer and more permanent than anything else. Then the parasite industries of the middleman can do their own proper work without exacting an undue toll from the producer. Any extra spending power we may devise must be handed to the primary producer (if possible at home). He is the consumer and he and he alone can set the wheels of industry revolving. The secondary producers and the useful middleman in the end can only thrive through him.

Thus it is of the very first importance for our statesmen to understand that they cannot have international *laissez faire* and protection at once. They must decide for or against the producer, for England or for the international interests. The one can save us; the other has produced 25,000,000 world unemployed.

Denmark, Holland, and the Argentine cannot indefinitely base their systems on a position that must finally ruin their customer. We have almost a monopoly

of the import market for livestock produce. We must use that first for our own agricultural population, next as a bargaining asset for barter trade on behalf of exporting industries. And we must be prepared steadily to contract this import market as our own efficient production grows.

The idea of salvation coming from a world meat conference is as fantastic as the idea that it could come from a world economic conference. Authority, responsibility and unity are what matter. None of these can come internationally, but only through nations assured of their own integrity. For instance, New Zealand and Australia are already over-supplying us with mutton. They can, even while our own production is being increased, supply us with infinitely more dairy produce in return for our goods, while we cut down mutton imports from them. This could only be done by reducing dairy imports from Denmark to accord more with a real balance of trade, giving the Dominions the market according to the business they do and the British immigration they allow.

No world conference can do that.

We are in the dominant position in English reconstruction. We require only to see clearly, to know our purpose and to act accordingly. It will make us some enemies, but many friends as a saner, stronger nation emerges, using the control of its imports for building up its vitality and health into a lasting bulwark of civilization.

Naval Training

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

IN a memorial addressed by the House of Lords to Queen Anne in 1708 the following words occurred :—

> "It is a most undoubted maxim that the Honour and Wealth of this Kingdom depend on the protection and encouragement of Trade and the improving and right managing of our Naval Strength."

The present House of Commons has already shown its desire to take steps for " the protection and encouragement of trade," but we have witnessed less of that zeal which we are accustomed to associate with a Conservative Government in " encouraging and managing of our naval strength "—the strategy of peace, which, like all strategy, should be a combination of efficiency and economy.

That strategy is in two parts—again like all other strategy. These are the supply of material of a proper character, apt to its purposes in war and adequate in quantity; and the production of a personnel trained to its use. " No element in the naval strategy of peace is more important than the training of the officers and men," said Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge in one of his wise writings; and in that word " training " he meant not merely the work of producing men who are efficient seamen and masters-at-arms, but also, and more important still, men who will be capable of a wise direction of policy in peace, and with capacity to direct and to conduct the operations of war, when they reach the positions in which those responsibilities fall to them.

Equipment for the performance of those higher duties associated with what Kempenfelt called the " sublime " parts of war is not furnished by " technical," or what is called " scientific," instruction and training. No amount of knowledge of ballistics, of electricity, of gunnery control or experience of administration will fit a man to conduct war. If anything (as more than one writer on

this subject has said) an excessive devotion to the essential minutiæ of those and similar subjects tends to unfit a man, by narrowing his experience to details and absorbing him so wholly in the mastery of such things as to leave him neither the leisure, nor furnish him with the inclination, to pursue the higher studies. Very few men innately possess that genius for war which marked Marlborough and Nelson, nor can we ever count upon discovering such men, if they exist, when they are needed. Natural genius, Mahan remarked, is one thing, but the requirements of an accomplished officer are another. Nature gave Nelson what she withholds from most of us, inborn genius and insight; but he would not have been the master of war that he was if he had not pondered, studied and reasoned, and practised the habit of reviewing all the circumstances of a situation.

The question of whether our present methods of naval education and training promise to do all that is possible to produce the leaders in war is a very important one. Do they tend to develop a knowledge of war, a capacity for insight, a habit of enquiring and critical thought, an individuality of outlook and a freedom from subservience to pedantic rules of thumb—the outstanding characteristics of all the great commanders? Does the education produce the habit of thinking for themselves so that they can say, with Bishop Berkeley, "one thing I know I am not guilty of. I do not pin my faith on the sleeve of any man"? Does the training produce the habit of acting, of fearlessness of responsibility amounting to that form of "disobedience" to which some of Nelson's contemporaries ascribed most of his victories, and which was a quality which Lord Fisher rated so highly? The answer can only be in the negative.

It is insufficient to produce only men who, however competent they may be as technicians, have not been developed also as tacticians and strategists. It is not even enough to produce tacticians. Alcibiades lacked nothing in that respect; he was never beaten on land or

sea. But no man did more harm to Athens that he by his direction of her policy. Our own wars of the past have furnished us with an all too plentiful record of the waste of life, effort and opportunity by misdirection of strategy in the higher command or control. The events of the last thirty years do but confirm to the hilt the experience of the past that the higher the stratum in the direction or conduct of war, the more costly, and the less easy to retrieve, are the errors. We, in our time, have witnessed the results of shipbuilding policies which have encouraged the growth of types definitely adverse to our interests—the giant battleship, the great cruiser, the submarine. We have seen operations conducted the fundamental idea of which ran in flat contradiction to the whole teaching of long experience, both remote and recent, and to principles which were so familiar to our predecessors that those men did not even find the need of a terminology in which to express them.

There were officers, both in the senior and the junior ranks before the war, who gravely doubted whether we were producing commanders as efficiently as officers of the lower ranks. And there were civilians who had been in touch with the navy who felt there was a weak side in our higher ranks. One eminent student of war remarked that "the factors on which a naval officer has to form his conclusions are so complex that the training of his reasoning powers seems to be of as much importance at least as anything else," and that he saw no way of doing this without prolonging his general education "so as to give his mind a wider grip before it is cramped by specialization." A tendency to sum up strategy in phrases, a weakness in analysing situations, and a hesitancy to come to a precise conclusion were observed.

The education of the young naval officer of to-day differs from that of those of whom these criticisms were made. That education had, indeed, been condemned by every committee that had examined the problem of naval education between 1870 and 1885. But one may

ask whether the changes that were made remedied the defects, whether they went to the root of things in the first place, and whether the interpretation they placed upon the words " Education " and " Training " was of a sufficiently wide scope.

It is fully recognized in all the great professions to-day that, however specialized they may be, the essential preliminary to the career of a man who is to occupy a high position is a broad and liberal general education. Indeed, the more specialized his future career, the more narrowed into a particular channel or within particular and limited surroundings, the greater is the need for breadth in his education. This is as true of the navy as it is of other professions. The education at Dartmouth, though not specialized in the sense of being " technical," is a specialized education in that it directly aims at imparting knowledge designed in the main to be the foundation for future technical work. The test of any system of education is the extent to which it has developed a man's capacity and his desire to learn. Lord Goschen remarked, many years ago, that its success in inspiring scholars to go through life teaching themselves was the true test. " Is the system intelligent? Is it thorough? Above all, is it rousing? Does it excite intellectual interest in those who come under its influence? Does it develop in them the temper which always asks for a reason and struggles to arrive at a principle? " Can we say that this enquiring spirit, this desire to know more, this insistence upon a reason, and this passion for principle, are aroused by the education of the young naval officer to-day? I fear not.

From what I have read of the lives of naval officers of the past and observed of our younger officers, I should say that, lacking all the costly instruction of the latter, lacking much scholastic equipment, those qualities asked for by Lord Goschen were more prominent among the former. Going to sea early, they—or many of them—were made aware that it lay with themselves, and them-

selves only, to acquire knowledge; and they set themselves to do it with the means at their disposal. To-day, the tendency is to expect to be taught, not to teach oneself; and to assume that one cannot fairly be expected to know anything of a subject unless one has been through a "course of instruction"—a tactical course for tactics, a strategical course for strategy. All knowledge must be spoon-fed from without, not self-developed from within. If the desire to learn has been emasculated by a rigorous course of imparted instruction, and after emasculation stifled by a succession of examinations which follow each other like a series of cyclonic disturbances, and in which failure spells dismissal or a prejudice to a young man's prospects, the desired self-development has neither time nor conditions favourable to its growth.

Lord Goschen spoke of the temper which always asks for a reason and seeks a principle. Men whose minds are cast in that enquiring mould may be produced in the early stages of education—the period between thirteen and eighteen. But it will be of small use if, in that later stage of a man's career in which his education is truly still in progress, the fact of thinking for oneself is found to be a dangerous process; if individuality of outlook, cultivated in the boy, is a thing to be repressed in the man. Among the most important qualities that an officer can possess are independence of mind, initiative, readiness to accept responsibility and to act. It is those qualities that have marked great commanders on land and sea. I fear that it cannot be pretended that the naval education of to-day fosters these qualities. Some men there are, indeed, who rise superior to their upbringing, who are naturally fearless of consequences and care nothing for danger to their lives or their careers. But all men are not of this heroic mould, and such sparks of individualism as may exist are easily extinguished by thoughts of "what will happen to me if these views or these acts of mine displease the powers that be?" Boscawen, St Vincent said, was one of the rare instances in his day of a

man who readily took responsibility. To-day, with the terrible struggle for promotion and for appointments, an officer in the navy feels that he cannot risk incurring displeasure by heterodox views. He must be very orthodox, very careful, very silent. In fact, it is wiser for him to have no views at all except such as conform strictly to the hand-books and manuals. Above all, avoid originality.

Needless to say, it was not in such a spirit of caution that our great men were produced who made the Empire. Nor was such a brake put upon the officers of the German army in the time of Moltke. That great trainer of men recognized to the full the need for fostering in subordinates the spirit of independence, initiative, and acceptance of responsibility, and condemned the notion that there was any danger in so doing.* But that is not the aim in our naval education.

Writing of military education, Professor Spencer Wilkinson (" British Aspects of War and Peace ") wrote that " the professional instruction of British officers rests upon no sufficient basis of general or liberal education. . . . . If the thinking, upon which the direction of an army in war depends, is to be adequate, the men at the head of that army must be intellectually and spiritually the peers of the leaders of other branches of life. . . . Only on that level can any man be a statesman, and unless the chief men of an army are statesmen its battles will not be fought as they should be and the fruits of its victories will not be fully gathered " ; and he remarked that the foundation of Napoleon's strategical power was the liberal education which he gave himself in hard study. This is no less true of the navy. They, too, need an education of a broad and liberal scope, which shall develop their minds, and of a character which answers the tests which Lord Goschen defined.

There is neither reason, necessity nor advantage in relegating this education to a special naval school or

* *Cf.* Colonel F. E. Whitton. " Moltke." Pp. 22 and 72.

college. The schools of the country aim at giving their pupils a general and liberal education which shall provide the foundation for their future careers in all branches of life. A naval college can do this no better than they, and must always be under the temptation to direct the curriculum into special channels. The inquisitive qualities, the desire to learn, the habit of teaching oneself, are no more to be developed in a naval school than in the schools of the country. Nor, indeed, is it the business of the naval administration to provide a general education. Its business is to educate its officers in their professional duties. The young person who joins the navy as an officer should have completed his general education, precisely as one who takes up any other profession first completes his before he "specializes" as, say, a lawyer, a doctor, a journalist or an officer in the army.

If this were done, not only should we obtain officers with a liberal education that has not been crippled by the supposed needs of technical matters, but the navy would be relieved of the costly burden which it has imposed upon itself, quite unnecessarily, of undertaking the civil education of its personnel. We should then avoid that anomaly which now exists in the form of a separation, or distinction, between "Education" and "Training." "Education" to-day is directed by a civil officer, who works under the Second Sea Lord; "Training"—so-called—by a naval officer under the First Sea Lord, who, in the circumstances of dual control, has to maintain a relation also with the Second Sea Lord. What is needed is unity of direction in the first place, and effective direction towards its proper end in the second. This was very well recognized in the German navy before the war. All education was professional once the cadet entered the navy. He had received a good general education, and had to prove that he reached the necessary standard before joining. Thereafter his education and training were directed by a flag-officer, whose

importance was recognized not only by his rank, but also by his being one of the few officers who reported directly to the Emperor himself. No one can deny that the German naval officer, the product of this system, was efficient. Nor should we lose sight of the effect of a similar reform made by Lord Roberts in the army. That great officer, recognizing to the full the need for unity of direction, set up in the War Office a branch, under an officer of high rank and established ability, to direct the training of the army; one who was not a mere assistant to a departmental officer, but the head of a section of the staff, on the general staff side. It cannot be mere coincidence that under similar systems in which highly-placed officers had the responsibility for direction of training, such successful results were attained.

Efficiency and economy are twin corner-stones of a Conservative faith. They are inseparable. Neither can exist alone. Efficiency requires educated men in the high command. As educated men can be produced at a less cost to the taxpayer in the civil schools of the country than in special naval schools, economy requires that the general education should be imparted in the civil schools. As a liberal education demands breadth and scope, freedom from the taint of specialization, so an education in the civil schools promises to be more liberal than one in a special naval school. Professional education only should be the aim in the naval service. It begins with the cadet. It continues so long as the officer remains on the active list. Its direction should be continuous, and continuity and unity demand a single source of direction. As the aim is professional, the director should be a naval officer who, since the aim reaches the highest spheres of naval action in peace and war, should be attached to that authority who has the responsibility for preparation for war—the First Sea Lord. Finally, as one of the most important parts of the education is the formation of character in all its

many forms—self-reliance, self-development, initiative, individuality, confidence—so all of those customs, supposed traditions and regulations which tend to prevent, or fail to encourage, the development of thought, or put the brake of fear of consequences upon action, should be ruthlessly eliminated.

There is room for an inquiry into this vast, and vastly important, subject. The less we can afford to pay for our navy, the more important becomes the question of getting full value for our money.

A Tartar

By Margaret Kennedy

"IT'S no use," sighed Clara Stratton. "I shall never manage it. For sixty years my uncertain temper has been my chief asset. I come of a violent family. When we were children we habitually threw croquet mallets at each other, as you may remember yourself. I could never have held my own among all those brothers and sisters if I hadn't managed to make them more afraid of me than I was of them. And, being the smallest, I had to do it by sarcasm. And then . . . when I married . . . well, you know what Henry was! I had to scare the other women off somehow, though I wouldn't admit it to anyone but you. I've relied on my tongue all my life, and how can I learn to hold it now?"

"I don't think you can," said Mrs. Preedy. "But I expect it'll be all right, and you'll settle down very comfortably together in time. You know, if you want people to like you they always do, in spite of the unforgivable things you say. She'll grow very fond of you as soon as she discovers that your bark is worse than your bite."

"Oh no she won't. She's too stupid ever to discover anything. If there's to be any happiness between us all I mustn't even bark."

May Preedy was silent. She did not suppose for a moment that Clara could refrain from barking, but she did not say so because she did not want to depress her poor friend any further at such a calamitous moment.

For Clara's life had been full of calamitous moments. Blow after blow had been dealt at her. May, who was one of her oldest friends, could not remember a time when she was not in some sort of trouble. Yet from each ordeal she had emerged, shattered but unbroken, gallantly pushing her way on to the next battle, sparing neither herself nor any one else and strewing caustic epitaphs upon the graves of ruined hopes. There had been ill-health; no one but Clara could have been so frequently

and so desperately ill and remain so active. There had been Henry, spendthrift and unfaithful in his youth, and semi-paralysed for the last fifteen years of his life. Two babies had died, the youngest son had gone to the bad, and there had been money troubles for years. But Clara never succumbed, not even beneath the worst stroke of all when Harry, her eldest and dearest was killed in the war. She remained what she had always been, thin, waspish and indomitable.

Now, of all her children, she had left only Mark, a priggish and somewhat egotistical young man, not popular in the neighbourhood. How much consolation he was to Clara was an open question. She mocked him unmercifully and flung all her energies into the business of managing his life for him. Death duties and Henry's extravagance had left plenty of problems to occupy her mind. Sensible uncles and brothers declared that Stoke Bassett must be sold, and that she and Mark must go to live in Bath. But she refused to be sensible, and, since she was Mark's sole guardian, she got her way. She was sure that she could manage, if she was clever. Stoke Bassett must be saved. Expenses in house and garden were cut down to a minimum, Clara dressed on thirty pounds a year, and as soon as Mark was of age she caused him to cut down trees, sell farms, and send plate and pictures to Christies'. By the time that he was twenty-five their horizons were free from debt and it was quite clear that they need not go to Bath. She had managed.

To the end that Mark might marry Miss Betty Bassington-Smith at whom poor Clara might not even bark.

"But I don't think she's stupid," said May Preedy, going back one point in their conversation. "I should say she had a quick mind. Though, of course, at that age, it's undeveloped. . . ."

"I know," broke in Clara, immediately remorseful. "I had no business to call her stupid. In her way . . .

she's quite a clever little person. The books she reads . . . I'm sure I never heard of half of 'em. When I said stupid I meant that she doesn't speak our language. Shades of meaning are lost on her, as they would be on a foreigner. And she belongs to that class of people who don't mind abuse nearly so much as sarcasm. A good vulgar row wouldn't do us any harm. You know the sort of thing . . . 'I've been insulted' . . . 'I know when I'm not wanted' . . . and then, afterwards . . . 'I know I'm a bit hot tempered, but I don't mean half I say' . . ."

"Oh, Clara, really! Aren't you letting your imagination run away with you? She's not like that."

"Oh, yes she is. Exactly like that."

"You're not fair. She's a good natured little thing. Of course, she's shy and nervous, but I really believe that she is quite ready to like you, to love you, if only you'll let her."

Clara swung round to remorse again.

"You're quite right. I'm unfair. She's not a bad child. When I say that she's the last person in the world that I'd have chosen for Mark I'm not speaking the truth. He might have done worse. She's a little nobody, and rather silly, and she says reelly (oh, yes May, she reelly does when she's excited), and those twelve slave bangles that she wears will drive me distracted (*did* you hear them in church yesterday morning, jingle, jingle, jingle all through the service, it isn't even as if she could keep still for a moment, always hitching and twitching and patting her hair, how anyone could be so inconsiderate, to say the least of it, I can't think, expecting us to say our prayers with an *obligato con amore* like that! I did try to drop a hint coming home. I asked her if they didn't get on her nerves, but it appears that a 'girl friend' gave them to her and she has to wear them always), but still I really do think she loves Mark, and that's the main thing. He might have married a harpy. She's young. She'll improve. I shan't like hearing my

grandchildren say reelly, but that's better than no grandchildren at all, and I think there'll be no nonsense of that sort about her. She's a wholesome little animal, and I'm being just like all mothers-in-law. . . ."

Clara said these few words upon a very steep hill up which she was rushing at the rate of four miles an hour. She always ran up hills and she always talked as she did so. May Preedy, who was fat and had short legs, made no attempt to keep up. Puffing and panting she fell behind, while from the vanishing figure of Clara scraps of conversation still floated down the muddy lane:

" . . . Mark has always preferred inferior people . . . incomprehensible taste. . . . I'm sure it was because he had a wet nurse . . . such a damnably genteel woman . . . ought to have got somebody from one of the farms . . . must have imbibed these preferences from her . . . or possibly an inferiority complex. . . . Harry and Robin used to make such a butt of him. . . ."

She vanished round a bend of the lane. But May knew what she was saying. It was quite true that Mark favoured the company of people whom he could patronize. To lay down the law to somebody was a sheer necessity to him, but he got little chance to do so at Stoke Bassett. And so, instead of seeking a wife in the neighbourhood he had found one for himself somewhere or other on a golf links.

When May reached the top of the hill she found her friend sitting on a stile and looking at the view. Beneath them, in pale autumn sunlight, stretched the plain of Gloucestershire, and the winding Severn, away to the Malvern Hills. It was a scene of which Clara never grew tired. In all the years which she had spent at Stoke Bassett there were very few days when she had not climbed up to look at it. She was smiling to herself and presently she said:—

" Do you realize that at Little Stoke I shall have this view from all my windows? "

A great consolation, this, for having to turn out of her

old home. Little Stoke, the "small house," was very nearly at the top of the hill. It was almost a cottage, but quite large enough for Clara now. She had said very often, during the past week, what a dear little house it was and how it got all the afternoon sun.

They sat together on the stile, looking across to the Malvern Hills.

"In the dining-room," said Clara suddenly, "I shall have one of those anthracite stoves . . . so economical and labour-saving . . . you stoke it up in the morning and shut the doors. And in the drawing-room I shall have bird's-eye chintz. . . ."

She broke off and turned her face away because she did not want May to see that her eyes were full of tears. The thought of bird's-eye chintz had let loose on her a flood of agonizing memories. For she had talked in this way once before, and of all that she would do at Little Stoke, long ago, during Harry's brief engagement in 1916. On his last leave, the last time he had ever been home, he had brought his Rosemary down to stay. And Clara had spent a week of happy plans. She would move into Little Stoke, they would have their wedding in the Spring, and afterwards, soon, soon, the war would be over and Harry would come home. Babies would sprawl on the lawn under the cedar tree and a nursery party would come stumping up the hill to tea at Little Stoke. There would be messages from Rosemary: "May I plant the children on you this afternoon?" "The boys want to let off fireworks after tea. Can you come down? They'll be so disappointed if you don't." It had been Rosemary who had said that she must have bird's-eye chintz.

But Harry was killed, three weeks later, and Rosemary, dear regretted Rosemary, had in time married somebody else. And now it would be Betty's children who would stump up the hill to tea. They might say reelly, but they would be grandchildren and she would love them.

She blew her nose violently and said :—

"We must get on together. We *must*. Otherwise it will be impossible. Little Stoke is much too near. To have a mother-in-law you don't like sitting on top of you!"

"It is rather close," agreed May Preedy discouragingly.

"So it all depends on me. If we can't get on I'd much better go right away and live in London. But I'm not *used* to conciliating people. They've always had to conciliate me. Oh, May! If only I could give myself lockjaw! Or become a Trappist! Are there female Trappists?"

When Betty first arrived at Stoke Bassett she had been shaking in her shoes. She had heard Mark's mother described as a very alarming person and even if she had not she would have been frightened. For she must manage, somehow, to convince the Strattons that she was as good as they were and that they were all Society Women together. And what should she do if they sneered at her? Would she be able to hold her own? According to Mark, his mother was given to sneering.

She had not very much imagination, but she had pictured Clara to herself, either as a toothy, tweedy woman with a lot of dogs, or as somebody in a tea-gown, with beautifully waved hair, hovering near an ancestral fireplace. She had a manner for either of them. She had tweeds herself, and some real pearls, and she had read the *Tatler*. If Clara was County, she would be urban. If Clara talked of huntin' and shootin' she would counter with a night club or two. She would not pretend to know anything about life in the country, and she would be very careful not to admire Stoke Bassett too much.

But one glance at Clara was comforting. A woman so badly dressed must always be at a disadvantage. The nonchalance, the blasé self-assurance and the references to *Chez Quagline* were scarcely necessary. Betty

had in no manner prepared for the dishevelled old frump who came running down the drive to meet them. She had never seen such a hat on anyone, not even a charwoman, and she was quite flustered by so much apologetic kindness, such deference to her tastes and opinions.

"But I don't think your mother is a bit hard to get on with," she told Mark, some days later. "I think she's a perfect dear."

Mark was not quite sure if he liked this or not. It was a little unnatural, and he had come prepared for something quite different. He had expected his mother to be "beastly" to Betty, and he had meant to assert himself as never before. He hardly knew what to do with all these wasted, manly resolves.

"I wish she wasn't going to Little Stoke," he said thoughtfully. "It's too near. And it lets well. It would pay me much better to allow her a cash equivalent and then she could go to Bath or Clifton or somewhere."

"Oh . . . I don't know," said Betty vaguely. "It would be rather foul for her having to leave here when it's been her home. And she's looking forward to going up there."

"You think of everybody but yourself," said Mark.

Betty made modest disclaimers.

"But I do see her point of view. That's one thing about me; I do see other people's point of view. So you needn't be afraid that we shan't get on, even if she does live so near. Of course, I know she's old and we must be tactful. And who knows? Some day perhaps I shall be very glad of her advice!"

"You'll get plenty of it," prophesied Mark.

"Oh, and, by the way, she wants to take all that Bohemian glass out of the morning-room to put on the mantelpiece at the cottage. Did she say anything to you about it?"

Mark looked important.

"No. She did not. And I'm not at all sure . . ."

"Oh, darling, it's hideous. It won't go a bit with

how I mean to do up the morning-room. I saw a lovely colour-scheme at Heals . . ."

"Well! As long as it's clear that it's only a loan. We'd better get that in writing."

" . . . Yellow walls, and Chinese sort of cabinets; but I do think we ought to have an old oak refectory table for the dining-room. I do love refectory tables, and some pewter candles. Like it must have been when the house was built."

"Oak wasn't fashionable in 1780, when the house was built. But I've never cared for mahogany myself."

"So sort of early Victorian. I'm sure your mother could take all the furniture in the house for all I care. I couldn't stand living with it myself."

Mark approved, on the whole, of her plans for re-decoration. But he was developing a strong sense of property. His mother might borrow anything which he and Betty did not want, but she must realize that they were doing her a favour.

Betty handed the news on to Clara as they were cutting off dead heads in the rose garden that afternoon.

"It's quite all right about the Bohemian glass. I've spoken to Mark and we'd love to lend it to you."

"But——" began Clara.

There must be some mistake. The glass was her own; it had been a wedding present from one of her brothers. And if she said so . . . what then? What did it matter, after all? Better to let it go and say nothing.

"Thank you," she murmured.

"Not at all. We don't want it. But Mark says ——."

Betty paused and blushed a little. She did not like having to say that Mark expected all such loans to be acknowledged in writing.

"Men are funny," she said at last, laughing apologetically. "They always want everything to be sort of legal."

She had none of Mark's meanness. And she did not want to hurt Clara's feelings. She did not want the glass,

and she would rather have given it outright. Indeed, she would have gone further. She would have let Clara take anything, in reason, to Little Stoke, even things which were not hideous, if that would make everybody happy.

Clara perceived this, and, in the midst of her bitterness she was aware of a new warmth towards the girl. For the first time she felt as though she might be able to see past the barrier of little things, which she disliked, and find behind them a person whom she could love and respect.

"But of course," she said quickly. "Mark is very sensible. Unless these things are quite clear there might be all sorts of stupid muddles."

She smiled at Betty, and Betty smiled gratefully back. Like the first gossamer thread of a spider's web, the beginnings of a relationship had been created between them.

A stuffy October afternoon had not been kind to Betty, whose tweeds, though correct, were much too thick. She was hot and her nose was shiny. But Clara longed to say :—

"My dear you look so nice . . . so pretty! If only you'd take off those bangles."

It was too soon to say that. She must close her mind and her eyes against little things. A great sorrow, a deep bitterness, can be locked away into silence. But the little things betray one.

She tried to listen with sympathy to Betty's plans for redecoration. Everything was to be very bright and light because the rooms got no sun. Yellow net curtains were a great help in sunless rooms. Betty supposed she was funny, but she did like sunlight. It was a fad of hers. Their house at Weston-super-Mare had been a perfect sun-trap.

"When we went there Mummie said: 'I don't care what else I have, but I must have sun.' And it was. Everybody said so. A perfect sun-trap!"

" A son-trap ! " thought Clara, grinning to herself, as she remembered how much Mummie had done for Betty. " I must remember to tell that to May ! "

There was a sound of wheels in the drive and Betty peeped through the bushes.

" A Wellington Six," she reported.

Clara sighed. The term conveyed nothing to her. A motor was a machine which took you from place to place, faster and less pleasantly than a horse would have done. She knew her own and could pick it out in a parking place because the clock had stopped at half-past seven. But to Mark and Betty it was the Buick, just as the other object, used for household errands, was the Austin. She never knew what they were talking about.

" Well, any how, it must be callers. We must go in."

They parted at the garden-room door and Betty vanished upstairs to " see about her face."

Quite a lot of people seemed to have got into the house. Clara heard them trooping across the hall as she flung her garden hat into the cloak cupboard. A Wellington Six must be capacious. She had time to hope that it was not the Bowaters before she went into the drawing-room.

It was. And as she shook hands with them she consoled herself by remembering that it had to be got over some time or other. Sooner or later she must produce Betty for local inspection. And it was not to be supposed that Alice Bowater would be less observant or more humane in three weeks' time. But it was just like the woman to come before anybody else did. Of course, she was eaten up with curiosity and malice, and there had been no love lost between them since that battle over the district nurse in 1921. And so she had brought not only her sister, who was staying with her, but a son, home on leave, and not yet engaged to anybody.

" Hope he goes back to India and marries an Eurasian nursery governess," thought Clara charitably, as she greeted the other visitors, Mrs. Collet, wife of the rector

of Stoke Magna, and a daughter. It seemed that they had come on foot.

Nor was this all. Fresh wheels crunched on the gravel before they had all found chairs.

"Lord! Lord!" thought Clara. "I'm getting them all over at once. But where is Betty? Decking herself?"

This time it was Mrs. Carey, from Monks Candover, also with a son. Why did they all want to bring their sons with them? And thank heaven for May, who was an ally, and who was already declaring that Betty was a great gardener.

"She and Clara have been at the rose-beds this afternoon."

"How fortunate!" said Mrs. Bowater. "I can't imagine Clara with a daughter-in-law who didn't care for gardening."

Mrs. Collet was twittering:

"So pretty! We saw her in church."

(And heard her, too, probably!)

"No," said Clara, "not till after Christmas. The Bassington-Smiths. . . ."

Ah! There at last! The great gardener was making her way across the room, walking in an odd way, swaying her hips . . . a very odd way, indeed. She had most certainly seen about her face, and she had put on an "afternoon" frock, especially provided by Mummie for these occasions, which the unfashionable Clara mistook for an evening dress. She was stiff with fright, but only May guessed that.

Clara, confronted for the first time with Betty the Society Woman, was so much taken aback that she could hardly speak. But she pulled herself together and stammered some introductions. Betty extended a limp hand to the County, and spoke to it, when obliged to speak, in a voice so languid as to be scarcely audible. In Mrs. Bowater she recognized at once the woman she had expected Clara to be. Never had anyone sneered so obviously.

"I hear you're a great gardener," began Mrs. Bowater.

Betty examined her finger nails and really didn't know. She was beginning to sort them out and to realize that, as well as all these terrible old women, there were present some creatures of her own age. She saw a clumpy looking girl in a coat and skirt, and a straw hat. (Fancy a straw hat in October!). And, standing in the window there were two quite nice looking boys of the type who might well be described as perfect lambs when she knew them a little better. She brightened visibly, eyeing them with the coy freedom which is the privilege of an engaged girl. And presently, not answering a question from Mrs. Bowater, she went to join them in the window, from which seclusion she was presently heard adjuring them to stop ragging, in a voice which was not languid at all.

"So pretty," insisted the kindly Mrs. Collet in an undertone to May.

"She's shy," whispered May.

"Oh?"

There was a little clatter on the tea-tray and everybody looked round. Clara had dropped a spoon. She did not often drop things, but her hands were shaking slightly. May held her breath. She knew Clara so well. Those little pink spots in either cheek were a danger signal. Clara was losing her temper.

Mrs. Bowater perceived it, too, and only marvelled that such a girl should have lived at Stoke Bassett for nearly a week without being torn in pieces. Poor Clara must be ageing. But the storm signals were going up now all right, and who could wonder? The girl needed a good smacking.

"But she's shy," telegraphed May Preedy to her friend. Her whole soul was poured out in the wordless message. "Oh, Clara! Can't you see that she's frightened of us all? She doesn't mean to affront you. Don't say anything! Please don't say anything. After all

you put up with! When you've done so well! Not in front of Mrs. Bowater, dear Clara, please!"

Her round, pink face, her anxious, innocent eyes, caught Clara's dazed attention for a moment. But their message was never delivered. With that little corner of the mind which remains detached during a crisis Clara noted that poor May was looking flustered and foolish. But there was no need for anyone to look flustered. She was quite calm. She had perfect control over herself. The danger signals had passed; the drumming and roaring in her ears and the slight tinge of red which had fallen like a curtain before her eyes, suffusing the whole scene in a lurid glare. Her hands shook no longer. She was cool. She could speak quite calmly. Only she still knew, far, far back in her mind, that it would be wiser not to speak at all.

Mark was there. She had not seen him come in. It must have been just when she dropped the teaspoon. She was not angry with him. Oh, no! She was perfectly indifferent. Just now she had no feelings at all about him, which was surprising when they lived together for so many years all smothered by love and irritation. It was as if the tide had gone out, the safe concealing flood of petty things, leaving her high and dry in a stark vacancy. Nothing mattered. An hour ago she had been full of plans about Little Stoke and her grandchildren. But now she did not care about them, which showed how calm she was. Not angry, because anger is a warm, moving impulse, but cold and empty. Or was she angrier than she had ever been in her life before? She did not care. She only knew that her voice was even as she called Betty to come and pour out for her.

Betty came and managed badly. The tap of the urn was so stiff that she could not turn it off and tea ran out of the pot all over the tray.

"Oh, Gosh!" she said helplessly. And she appealed to Clara. "What shall I do?"

"What dear?"

Clara peered unintelligently at the tray and took a long time to understand how badly Betty had managed. When she did, a bell was rung and more tea things were brought. Mark, who knew that his mother's obtuseness had been deliberate, broke into a tirade against the teapot and the urn. They were hideous, inconvenient, and old-fashioned, like everything else at Stoke Bassett. He and Betty were going to make a clean sweep of it.

"What!" cried Mrs. Bowater, throwing up her hands at Betty. "You don't admire Stoke Bassett?"

Betty, still smarting with humiliation, shook her head.

"The house isn't bad," she drawled. "But, of course, it needs to be furnished *frightfully*."

She spoke to Mrs. Bowater, but she could not help giving a resentful glance at Clara, who had not been kind about the tray. And it was Clara who answered, in her quick, pleasant voice:

"Why, my dear, I'm sure you're just the person to do it!"

As the irrevocable words escaped her, Clara heard that curious drumming noise in her ears again. She thought:

"I must be going to have a stroke."

And then she thought:

"What have I said? It's nothing! Perhaps she won't see what I meant. Perhaps none of them. . . ."

Was it possible that all the labour, all the sacrifices of a lifetime were to be nullified by a dozen words?

And she stared round in a panic at their faces, some distressed, some embarrassed, and some maliciously amused. She saw Betty's slow flush of astonished comprehension, and Mark's scowl, and knew that his resentment, at any rate, would be implacable from this hour. He was the first to speak:

"If that," he said coldly, "is meant as an epigram, it's not original. It was first said about a new edition of *Sappho*."

May and Mrs. Collet had raised a storm of chatter

and the young men ran about with plates of tea-cake. The incident was closed.

Clara saw the whole scene, not through a red glare this time, but in the clarity of extreme sadness. Passion had left her. She felt chilly and forlorn. This was the melancholy of reaction. Other pain was coming later. She saw her own failure, not only now, but in the future, and apprehended the agony, the remorse, which were to be hers. But at the moment that sorrow was distant and had some of the nobility of a wide landscape seen from a mountain height. She saw her whole life, stretching away below her, with this hour in it, only one among many, and felt for that sorry record the resigned pity which we accord to the tragedies of other people.

"Is this growing old in wisdom?" she wondered.

She sipped her tea languidly. She was excessively tired.

The Unemployed in America

By William Teeling

IN no questions do the forty-eight United States of America show themselves more strongly as independent-minded nations than in matters dealing with unemployment. There is only one Federal organization—the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief, which deals directly with such problems as are covered by our so-called Dole system.

The President's Committee has practically no powers, and exists at Washington merely to advise and to suggest. Each State in turn wishes to control its own unemployed and tries wherever possible to delegate its responsibilities to Municipalities and County Governments. In dealing with one of the two main problems of unemployment relief, this may be a good method; that is, in dealing with resident families, and single men and women living over one year in a separate district. But where it would seem to break down is in making any adequately constructive efforts to cope with the second great American unemployment problem, the problem of the homeless man—often called the hobo—an essentially Federal question.

With nobody willing to claim the hobo as their own, he becomes nobody's responsibility and is moved on from city to city and from village prison to village prison, and any attempt to estimate the numbers of hobos in the country is almost impossible. The President's Committee has, however, recently compiled, through such organizations as Municipal Relief Committees and Community Chests in the larger cities and postmasters and county officials in lesser areas, some comparative figures for the early part of 1929 and 1931, dealing with the relief expenditure by both Governmental and Private Organizations on families and homeless men. The Committee admits these figures to be only a minimum and probably to be a considerable under-estimate. They point out that the cities and other incorporated places

answering their inquiry covered 89·2 per cent. of the total population of all cities and other incorporated places in the United States, and equals 57·4 per cent. of the total population of the U.S.A. They only received 1,716 County Government relief reports out of a possible 3,073, the reporting counties making 34·2 per cent. of the total population of the U.S.A. It is worth noting that, of those counties that reported, over 377 reported no relief of any sort expended by the County Government. In 1929 they find the reporting cities and counties gave an average of 14,037 homeless men-lodgings per night, and in 1931, 41,411 lodgings per night. When we remember the hundreds of men that sleep in the jungles just outside each town in the west, the many more that are travelling on freight trains; those that will not go into a lodging-house for fear of being discovered as illegally in the United States, or for fear of having a bath or being medically examined—when we remember that in most cities the homeless man is turned out after a maximum of three nights and has to wander off perhaps one hundred miles or more before he comes to any other town, large enough to provide a shelter or to keep a register of figures, and that last winter has seen an increasing number of hobos on the roads and on the freights, it would be no exaggeration to say the figures are more likely over one million than over forty thousand. What to do with these million men, half-starved and almost altogether desperate, concentrating in a few different areas at different seasons, is a fresh problem for the United States.

So far the burden of dealing with the unemployed families and the homeless men—when that problem is faced—in each district or city of the United States has fallen equally on the local municipality, and whatever private charities already exist. In most cases such charities are locally grouped together into what is called the Community Chest.

The last extensive survey of the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief shows that in the

first three months of 1929 relief was granted to 331,861 families per month, and that by the first three months of 1931 that figure had increased to 1,287,778 families per month, and, of course, the figures must be much greater to-day.

Such figures presume a family of four people and are obviously an under-estimate. As I have pointed out earlier the whole survey was incomplete. From these figures, however, we find that in a normal year like 1929 local government organizations were responsible for 65 per cent. of relief, and private charity for only 35 per cent., whereas, with increase in unemployment, instead of government aid increasing in percentage, the local government organizations in 1931 only supplied 60·4 per cent. of the relief, whereas private charities increased their burden to 39·6 per cent. The actual total increase of funds provided being $40,047,783, of which increase local governments provided 58·4 per cent. and private charities 41·6 per cent.

The figures are also of interest in that they show the biggest increase in this period in relief for cities of over 30,000 population was in the East North Central Group—comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, where the increase was one of $14,056,757 or 362·5 per cent. Next came the Middle Atlantic Group—New York State, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, with an increase of $15,638,477 or 278·7 per cent.; East South Central Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi with an increase of 225 per cent. and so on down to the least increase—the Mountain Cities—in the States of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Nevada, where the increase was only 66·3 per cent.

In the largest cities, such as Chicago and New York, the charities and their scope are too many for a Community Chest and an entirely separate voluntary organization has been set up to deal with the charity funds for unemployment. Here, as in almost every other city, the

Municipality has, where possible, either handed over its funds to the charity organizations for distribution or, if part of such funds are meant for civic employment, has either given the tools and materials to the chest to carry on with or asked them to provide the workers. In this way it has been hoped as far as possible to neutralize the ever present curse of political graft.

The hobo, I thought, was on the whole well looked after in the East, where he slept in hostels provided in the big cities, but he could never stop more than two or three days, and then, turned out, went out no one cared whither. Sometimes he went South—but not often, for there he was lumped with the negro and usually in prison—more often he went West or South-west, for usually this homeless man or hobo is a migratory worker—travelling from one end of the country to the other for seasonal labour, and in normal times earning at least a living wage. Besides being an unending source of material for romantic tales, he is depended upon by America for such seasonal work as the felling and sawing of lumber, helping the fishing trade, manning the ships, fighting forest fires, building new cities, such as Boulder City, Nevada, and, above all, harvesting the nation's crops. In the last two years this type of worker has been hardest hit by the poverty of the agricultural states, the conditions in the lumber industry, and the decision to give to each city's own unemployed the preference in any road construction or municipal enterprise undertaken. On the other hand, his numbers have been largely increased by the man and woman, out of work in his or her own city, and enterprising enough to go anywhere where there may be a rumour of immediate work, and this rumour is often false. Again, just at this time of year he is joined by the large crop of youths leaving school and finding nothing to do in their own city. Their love of adventure, if nothing else, urges them to go West or East as the case may be, and the President's Committee, powerless but worried, has recently issued a strong appeal,

the most it can do, to parents and teachers to keep their children at home and not let them join that ever-growing band of men and women on the roads and in the freight cars from which as much as anything else are bred the criminal, the nomad, the drinker of canned-heat and the permanent beggar.

With a desire to see at first hand the organizations for dealing with the two problems—the resident unemployed family, and the homeless wanderers—men and women—I spent nearly all last year and the first three months of this year visiting the different centres, often sleeping with the men, visiting the hostels, and again living with the struggling population on freight trains, in jungles and on the roads.

In Southern California, where thousands flock for the winter, I found the freight trains are usually raided near Los Angeles. The men are arrested, sent to prison for the night and put on the road back East by the police next morning. If caught again trying to enter the city, they will be imprisoned for at least three months as vagrants or having no visible means of support. In Los Angeles itself, no charitable organization can give help until the petitioner has been examined at the Central Relief Office, where he has to prove that he has been a citizen of Los Angeles for one year. This rule applies in almost every city, and the wanderer has to move on next day. In Las Vegas, Nevada, near which is being built a new federal city for the ten years' construction of the Hoover Dam on the Colorado River, I found a city of normally five thousand inhabitants with over one thousand homeless men with no city or relief organization existing other than the police station. This, every night, was completely filled early, and the remaining hundreds were to be found lying like dead bodies asleep across the roulette tables in the gambling dens, where others tried to play across them; or lying out, covered by newspapers or whatever could keep them warm, on any piece of grass plot or open space in the town. It is no wonder there were here over a dozen men awaiting trial for

murder. In a moderate sized town in Montana, the Community Chest was at its wits' end to provide food for the half-starved men flocking through it. On one day alone there were over 1,500 men in the town who had heard a rumour there was a forest fire ready to fight, and which probably one of their number had started, and each night there passed through freight trains with over 100 men on each, holding on anywhere. Many dropped off to sleep the night in the so-called jungles, where the men washed in the river and drank canned-heat and neat alcohol, and where the smell on a hot summer's day was both unpleasant and unhealthy. Here I bought from the Salvation Army hut a suit of clothes for 60 cents—then about half-a-crown—and continued on the freight trains at night with the unemployed.

Once three men jumped on and moved from freight car to freight car with loaded revolvers, too quick for the other inhabitants, and robbed everyone, lying flat on their faces, their arms extended, of anything over one dollar. Many of the men had just earned a few dollars in a forest fire, and these ruffians netted over one hundred dollars before disappearing again into the night like bandits in China, as we crawled across the mountains. In Salt Lake City, I talked in the jungles to many youths in age from 16 to 30. They were all normally healthy individuals, most of them with a college education. Every one had spent at least one or two nights in prison, and each and all were wandering aimlessly around, some with cut knees and blistered feet, others still cheerful, but most quite willing now to take by force what people would not give them willingly. In smaller towns we would leave the trains about 7 o'clock in the morning and wander into the main street, where almost invariably the restaurants would give the men sausages and bits of meat. There may be no insurance for the business man to pay, but there is undoubtedly a levy for the small shop-keeper, more willing to give a sausage than have his windows broken and his till raided.

As I came across the Mountain States and the Middle

West, I took to the road to see more definitely the working on the road of relief organizations in smaller places. There were practically none. The average citizen is afraid to-day to give a man a lift, and nobody ever dreams of helping two men. The reason is the large number of recent murders and hold-ups of a very unsavoury nature freely reported in the Press, and if you cannot afford a bed in a small town, you have no option but to spend the night on the roadside or in the local prison. Here you will not be always sympathetically treated, and in many places, I understand, the community is charged at the rate of one dollar per man, whereas the mattress, if you are lucky, on the floor at night and the light breakfast in the morning could never cost more than 50 cents. In Kansas City I was taken over the shelter there, housing some hundreds of men, and found it admirably run with every effort made to put, where possible, the transient on his feet and give him at least his self-respect. In Wyoming, I found the owner of a car, not the beggar, was arrested if he gave the man a lift. Everywhere everyone was afraid of the often quite harmless wanderer and only the poorer people tried to help him.

As I took the road through Wyoming, Colorado and Kansas, not only was I struck by the courage of the people tramping like myself, youths, ex-schoolmasters and former salesmen, but also by the optimism even of those who gave us lifts and were themselves but little better off. One man had just lost his life's savings in a local bank failure and with his remaining $15 was driving to a neighbouring town to borrow enough to pay his rates and keep a roof over his head, another pawned his gold watch en route to get him petrol to reach his brother in St. Louis. But through these vast tracts of lands, with perhaps a village every 30 miles and a town every hundred, there was nothing for the homeless man but the local prison; and the Red Cross was all that kept many of the small-holders from starvation.

When I came East in the winter I found large Appeal

Dinners, much canvassing, and city workers turned into groups with " Captains and Generals and Lieutenants " to collect funds and find jobs—and I found much the same conditions as in cities like Los Angeles, only on a much larger scale. That was last winter—but what will this winter show?

Last winter, Colonel House, in New York, prophesied to me the risk of serious rioting, stressing the inflammability of the American temperament. So far his prophecy has not come seriously true. He considers February and March the worst months, and there were in those months a few riots in Detroit. But this winter things may be more serious. Even if the situation is improving now, we must remember that any new employment figures will be even more inaccurate than those of 1931. To-day, often one member of a family is supporting as many as six or seven relations out of work, and is finding the strain almost impossible. If he or she falls sick, not one, but seven or eight people, will come to the Community Chest, and no city knows for what it must budget. Again, much wealth has been lost, and it becomes daily more difficult to raise sufficient funds voluntarily.

Almost all thinkers in America who have studied the subject agree some form of unemployment insurance is inevitable. Their present efforts are to prevent it being a dole, to prevent any Act being passed that would be harmful yet difficult to repeal, and to preserve for America what she dearly prizes, her mobility of labour.

If this crisis can give birth to such a scheme, then will it not have been in vain. But the present muddling and waste must at all costs be avoided in the future, and the United States, when once again she goes ahead on her Rake's Progress to Prosperity, as she inevitably will, must at all costs avoid the great risk of forgetting about the lessons of the past. She must learn what she hates to learn: to provide in the time of plenty for the lean years that will eventually come again.

Parodies: No. 6

By Hugh Kingsmill

Oscar Wilde by the Styx

HAVING occasion recently to visit the underworld, and wishing, if possible, to meet some of the famous talkers of the past, I asked an old gentleman of my acquaintance, who had known Oscar Wilde in the eighties, if he would be so kind as to give me a letter of introduction. "But certainly," he murmured, and going to his writing-table wrote, slowly, and in a beautiful hand:—

"MY DEAR OSCAR,

Sir Hugh Kingsmill is bringing you these lines. He would be so charmed if you could spare him an hour of your eternity. You remember, don't you, Alaric Kingsmill? One of the Dorset Kingsmills, a cadet branch. Sir Hugh is, of course, the head of the family, and has a quite charming seat in Shropshire, which he can very seldom be persuaded to leave for the dreadful place which London has become since the late war.

Have you the poppies of forgetfulness in your hair? Or do you still sometimes think of yours, always,

CYRIL?"

My perplexed look, as he read this letter out, brought a gentle smile to his lips. "I want Oscar to be at his best for you," he murmured. "That must be my excuse for the freedom I have taken in burdening you with a baronetcy."

"Alaric Kingsmill is, I suppose, also . . . ." I paused.

"Imaginary," the old gentleman concluded. He rose, and as we shook hands, sighed. "I wish I could accompany you," he said. "Oscar will be altogether charming."

Calling on Oscar Wilde by appointment, the day after my arrival in the underworld, I found him reclining in an easy chair on the veranda of a pavilion by one of the

most beautiful reaches of the upper Styx. Near him stood a small table, on which were a few books, a box of cigarettes, and a bowl of asphodels. "Please do not move," I said, and he sank back with a relieved sigh.

"This is most charming of you, Sir Hugh. Cyril's note recalled some very pleasant hours with your—is it cousin?—Alaric."

"Poor Alaric!" I murmured. "But, of course, you knew. . . ." Wilde's fine eyes clouded with sympathy. "Yes, I knew. . . ." he said.

There was a brief silence.

"And so you are from Shropshire, Sir Hugh. I have often regretted that I never lived in the country. That is one of the wonderful experiences which life withheld from me. It must be quite fascinating to raise shorthorn cattle."

"I know nothing about it, I'm afraid."

"Indeed? Then you will prefer to breed pigs?"

"No, I do not breed pigs."

"What admirable restraint! The economy of the true artist. I had no idea that the art of living in the country had been brought to such a point of perfection. But, please do not think me mistrustful, you are perhaps a secret landscape-gardener?"

"No, I never garden."

"You have indeed realized yourself with an astonishing completeness, Sir Hugh."

"It is very kind of you to put it like that, Mr. Wilde. I am afraid my neighbours look on me as rather an idle and useless person."

"An altogether idle and useless person, I hope, Sir Hugh. You must not be modest, and pretend that you are one of those unsatisfactory persons who do nothing by halves. I am persuaded that you are a virtuoso of inaction, and are, indeed, consciously seeking to realize yourself in being, not in doing. And so I may confess to you, Sir Hugh, that Cyril's note quite frightened me.

I was expecting someone who would insist on explaining to me how to make two blades of grass grow where one had grown before, which sounds such a congested thing to do, and really rather inhumane. It would always be painful to have to listen to such things. But because you are from Shropshire, it would have been doubly painful. For Shropshire is to me a sacred place. I would as soon hold speech with a merchant of timber, who should tell me of the gold that is paid to him in the market-place for the trees which his hirelings fell in the Forest of Arden, as hear of cattle or the price of corn from the lips of one who dwells in that western land which the genius of a great modern poet has converted into a symbol of the beauty that flowers for a moment and the pain that endures to the grave. The wise devotee, you do not need that I should tell it to you, is he who visits every shrine save the shrine of his adoration. I have never trod the meadows of Shropshire, with light or tired feet, neither in her streams have I laved my hands. Her trees have not made a shade for me from the sun, nor her breezes with cooling fingers touched my brows. My loss, I do not question it, has been great. But my gain has been far greater. The Shropshire whither the poet leads me is marred by no trivial or ignoble memories, nor made dull by unimportant knowledge. And how wonderful it is! In its fields the sweet love of brothers is darkened by a sudden anger, and one lies still among the hay, and the other marvels at the blood that is scarlet upon his hand. Under the stars a lad calls to his beloved within the house, and she who would not hearken to his living voice lies against his dead breast, and questions him of the warm drops that fall upon her neck from his. For, indeed, in that land the young are amorous of death, and know that he is more merciful than life, and are fain of him that he may hide them in the hollow earth, so that none may make a mock of them when the loveliness is gone from their limbs, nor shame them with pity for the brightness that has faded from their hair."

Wilde's cigarette had gone out. He lit another, and watched the smoke rising in the still air.

"We have had nothing like the 'Shropshire Lad' in the last thirty years," I said. "But, of course, you know that, Mr. Wilde. I understand that you get all the latest books here, and, I am afraid, will have found little in our recent literature to appeal to a devotee of beauty like yourself."

"Ah! little indeed, Sir Hugh. But it would be false modesty on my part to pretend that the blame for this deplorable state of things is not very largely mine. And modesty is always a mistake, even when it is false. To attempt anything in life is to make quite certain that the opposite will occur. With a chain of honeyed words I bound that tedious and uncomely Andromeda, the English public, and called the shining dragon of Beauty from his ebony cave, to stretch himself beside her, that in terror of his strength she might find courage, and in desire of his loveliness be made whole. But coarse hands snatched my lyre, and broke it, and stripped the raiment from my back, and put a shameful dress upon me, and I was buffeted upon the lips, and my mouth was stopped with dust."

He paused, and there were tears in his eyes. To give him time to compose himself, I took out my pipe and filled it, an action which served to divert his thoughts, for as he stretched out his hand for a fresh cigarette he gazed at my pipe in mild but unmistakable distress.

"And while they did these things to me," he resumed, in his ordinary tone, "there were others who crowded round the foolish woman, and loosed the chains from her shapeless limbs, and brought her in triumph back to Bayswater, where they were, of course, richly rewarded for the disservice which they had done her."

He paused again, and I turned over in my mind a suitable question to elicit his opinion of Shaw and Wells, and the other writers who had succeeded him in the public favour. But I was not required to exercise my tact.

"Shaw," he continued, "had intelligence, and Wells

had imagination, and Galsworthy had form, and Chesterton had wit. These were grave disadvantages. But they were altogether outweighed by the happy chance that none of them was Oscar Wilde. And of this chance they made the most. Ah! they are wise who save men from the solitude of their own souls. In my folly I laid upon the individual the terrible task of perfecting himself. In their wisdom Shaw and Wells summoned the individual to the pleasant recreation of perfecting everyone else. Because I exalted the importance of personality, men hated me. Because Shaw and Wells derided the importance of personality, they were idolized. It is always so. There are always crosses for the creators, and shrines for the iconoclasts."

"But, Mr. Wilde, both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells claim to be constructive as well as destructive."

"I know it. There seem to be absolutely no lengths to which those two men will not go."

"May I ask which of them you disapprove of more?"

"Wells, undoubtedly. Or Shaw. It is so difficult to say. Shaw promises humanity a millennium which shall be free from passion. Wells promises humanity a millennium which shall be free from the consequences of passion. Shaw is reasonable and repulsive, and bids men realize themselves through parsnips, and the dwellers in his Utopia cast no shadows because they have no bodies. Wells is unreasonable and ridiculous, and really seems to believe that if man will but travel far enough in time, or fast enough in space, he shall escape in his body from the shadow which his body casts. The Utopias of Mr. Wells are garden-city Agapemones, where dreadful persons practise promiscuity as the most important of civic virtues, and he has planted his Utopias in space as in time, and has vulgarized the universe no less than the future, promising the stars to man for a refuge from the self which he must bear with him, though his wings of canvas soar above Orion, and his chariots of aluminium carry him beyond the Milky Way."

"You mentioned Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Chesterton with Shaw and Wells, I think."

"Ah! Galsworthy. What a mind! How simple was his formula of success and how absolutely original! By accusing the upper-middle class of being aristocrats, he immediately outdistanced every possible competitor for the favour of the most important section of the reading public. Very earnestly, but with perfect breeding, he begged the most timid, the most sentimental, and the most unreal division of our society to bridle their arrogance, and lay their cynicism aside, and make sober their raiment, and beat the hoofs of their trampling steeds into flat-irons for their poorer brethren. They were, of course, absolutely enchanted, and promised to do exactly what he had asked of them, and they forswore curious sins which they had never committed, and repented of mad follies which they could not even conceive."

"I wonder what you will have to say of Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Wilde? As I listen to you I feel more strongly than ever an affinity between Mr. Chesterton and yourself. In temperament, I mean, of course, not in genius. In fact, if I may borrow a phrase much staled by numerous applications, Mr. Chesterton seems to me to have made you safe for democracy."

"Say rather, that he made himself safe for democracy, Sir Hugh. Because he resembled me, he repudiated me, and used my mode of speech to make a mock of my message. Because I uttered paradoxes as though they were platitudes, that men might draw near without trembling to the truth which is hidden in contradiction, Chesterton uttered platitudes as though they were paradoxes, and persuaded men that in order to be original it was only necessary to be obvious. From the high and horrible tower of the popular Press, he cried out in a great voice that Dickens was readable, and that Browning was robust, and that the Bible was true, and that George Moore was false. He praised beer with defiance for its taste, as though it were customary to adore it for its

colour, and defended respectability with his back against an invisible wall, and seemed to be encircled by outraged Mohammedans when he pleaded for monogamy. To the black-suited dwellers in suburbia he wished godspeed each morning, and a high heart for the perils of the way; and bade their wives be comforted in the mystic recurrence of their degrading household occupations, and exalt themselves in the changeless pattern of their tedious days."

There was a long silence.

"Well, Mr. Wilde," I said, getting up, "I must not trouble you any longer. I needn't say how much I have enjoyed hearing you talk."

Wilde rose, and extended his hand.

"Your pleasure has been no greater than mine, Sir Hugh. I have seldom met so brilliant a listener."

His smile and attitude recalled Lord Henry Wotton in "Dorian Gray." Remembering the quick epigrams in which Lord Henry sometimes indulged, I said:—

"And our post-war writers, Mr. Wilde? May I ask what you think of James Joyce?"

"Rabelais sea-sick."

"And Lytton Strachey?"

"A rhetorician without lungs."

"And D. H. Lawrence?"

"A satyr from the hoofs down."

"?"

"I am thinking of that absurd book—I forget its name—the one in which Lawrence masquerades as a frail gamekeeper, against whom no self-respecting poacher could possibly raise his hand, save in kindness."

"Lady Chatterley's Lover."

"Ah! yes. And there is a baronet husband who is paralysed, and his lady runs away with the keeper, in order to illustrate the great Darwinian principle of the survival of the least unfit."

He extended his hand again, murmuring:—

"Any time when you are passing, Sir Hugh, I shall always be so charmed."

Peace and Piety

By Viscount Knebworth

UNLESS a man is so experienced that he can tell at a glance the exact degree of offensiveness represented by a 12-in. gun or the exact degree of defensiveness represented by an 8-lb. bomb, he is not entitled, in this enlightened age, to express an opinion upon the question of disarmament. The Disarmament Conference, and indeed all discussions on the question of armaments, have resolved themselves into disputes so technical that only a qualified and experienced soldier and/or sailor could possibly take part in them with distinction. It is not, however, proposed to search in this article for the answer to the riddle: "When is a tank not a defensive weapon?" or to enter into medical controversy upon the degree of suffering which can be imposed on the human body (*a*) by a bullet, (*b*) by a shell, (*c*) by gas, or (*d*) by a bomb. Underlying the whole question of disarmament and the whole question of war and the whole future policy of the world in regard to both, there must, however, be certain broad principles which even the ignorant politician may be pardoned for considering.

Sir Ernest Benn, on almost the first page of his book, "Honest Doubt," concisely expressed the old philosophy. The first thing, he said, which we have to do is to make up our minds whether there is such a thing as right and wrong, and, if so, whether we are prepared to fight for the right. This is a simple statement of fact which must make its appeal, unfortunately, to increasingly few people to-day. There is a growing doubt as to whether there is such a thing as right or wrong, and there is apparently a widely-held conviction that, even if there is, neither are worth fighting about. This is a fundamental principle of the new, world, peace morality. Even if there is such a thing as right, there is no right sufficiently right to justify wrong. War is the supreme sin, is the supreme

world evil and the supreme civilized crime. Beside war, wholesale national dishonesty, extensive and prolonged national burglary, consistent and planned national cruelty, are virtues of the highest order. Whatever part the devil may have had to play in the old Christian morality has now been usurped by an actor called War, who far excels him in all the details and technique of evil. The supreme international crime, in the new morality, is an ultimate resort to arms.

This is an interesting position. Let us see where it leads us. It is said by the modern pacifist that all the arguments used against his case are the same arguments as were used in defence of the ancient practice of duelling. In those distant days, he argues, men declared that honour was more precious to them than death, and that dishonour could only be avenged by the sword. It would not have been conceivable to a seventeenth-century French nobleman that an insult to his honour could have been adequately avenged in any court of law. The abolition of duelling necessitated a violent war being waged upon the practice of duelling, without regard to the cause which provoked the duel. Duelling had to be considered as the one over-riding crime. But the abolition necessitated something more than this. It necessitated not only the backing of public opinion, but also the force of organized public opinion. Duelling was eventually stopped because men could be, and were, arrested for taking part in a duel. The immediate sanction was not what is described as the " bar of public opinion," but was a handful of Bow Street runners with a magistrate's warrant. Where a law is backed almost unanimously by public opinion, the ultimate sanction of force is sometimes scarcely necessary. But it is always, and must always be, that ultimate sanction which protects the majority from a dissentient and sometimes strongly dissentient minority. Looking at the thing to-day from a purely philosophical point of view, it may still seem to some that the naked steel

can better avenge an insult to a man's wife than three days' minutely detailed and disgusting argument between two paid lawyers in a stuffy court-room at the Old Bailey. But even if this were so, it is not civilization's way, and we are concerned, as practical people, with a philosophy which, if not so moral as we should like, is at least more popular.

The same arguments apply to disarmament and the abolition of war as were and are applied to the abolition of duelling. The French, who are perhaps the most logical people in the world, have demanded, as contingent upon their disarming, the ultimate protection of force. To abolish duelling it had to be possible to arrest prospective belligerents. The French have stated their willingness to disarm greatly, if not completely, provided their national safety will be guaranteed either by an international army or by the united armies of the nations. The old Geneva protocol laid down the same principle. It is the only logical principle. It may never be necessary to resort to this ultimate sanction. It may never be necessary to call an international police force or army into the field to arrest two prospective belligerents. It may well be that the force and power behind a world opinion united and determined, if necessary, to make use of this ultimate sanction, would be sufficient to prevent its application ever being necessary. All these things are true as well as logical But they presuppose two things. The first is the willingness of the nations to be party to such an arrangement. The second is the acceptance of war as an ultimate legitimate settlement of dispute.

In fact, the nations of the world are not willing to allow their money to be spent on an international army or police force, and they decline to guarantee, with their own armies, the security of any other nation. Hence the failure of the old Geneva protocol, and, as far as can be seen, the doom of the new French plan. The reason for this attitude of the nations is their passionate

fear of war and their determination at all costs to outlaw war as the supreme political crime. Obviously, if the nations had agreed that the one crime against civilization was war, it would be both illogical and impossible for them also to agree that, in order to prevent war, they would be willing in the end, if necessary, to go to war. But such is inevitably the intention of the Geneva protocol and of the French proposal. (No one can legislate on the permanent assumption that their bluff will never be called.) For this reason and because the new morality is so strongly implanted in the post-war minds of the nations, neither of these two perfectly logical proposals can be accepted.

The position, then, which is created by the determination to outlaw war as the one outstanding evil, produces an inevitable deadlock. Either the nations must make up their minds that, in order to stop war, they are prepared in the end to resort to war, or they must accept the fact that the majority, having agreed that under no circumstances is war permissible, are inevitably in the hands of any small minority which chooses either not to be party to or else to violate such an agreement. Duelling was stopped because the organized force of public opinion was there to implement the decisions of public opinion. If necessary, the police had instructions from their employers—the public—to sacrifice their lives in order to prevent two other men fighting. If the nations of the world are decided that peace is right and war is wrong, then they must inevitably come back to the first principle as enunciated by Sir Ernest Benn, and say that they are prepared to fight to defend the right. And if they do this, they are at once guilty of the supreme crime which they have set out to abolish.

As things are at present, and as they are likely to remain until the world awakes from the fantastic moral trance into which it has sunk since the war, any one country which is determined to defy the organized

public opinion of the nations, and is prepared to have recourse in the ultimate end to arms, is a power which all the expressions of political and international morality are impotent to defy.

Let us assume (and what follows is the purest hypothesis) that Germany had made up her mind to occupy, to hold and to administer Czecho-Slovakia. Let us assume that such a state of affairs would, in the end, be both advantageous to Czecho-Slovakia, to Germany, and to the rest of Europe. Let us assume that the only crime which Germany would have committed in taking such action would have been a crime against that final futility of Liberalism, the Versailles doctrine of self-determination. Let us further assume that the united and unanimous public opinion of the world had decided that Germany's action was a crime against this Liberal doctrine to which it had set its hand. What is, then, the position? The world admits of only one crime greater than that of Germany's, and that would be an active attempt on the part of the world to punish Germany for her crime or to prevent her by force from committing it.

Panic legislation is always dangerous, rarely permanent and seldom effective. The truth is that the world is in a panic about war. No statesman and no country is able to look at the thing from a reasoned, objective point of view. All argument on the subject is personal, emotional, irrational and alarmist. What is war? Is the punishment of a savage, uncivilized tribe which has robbed and murdered a peaceful European community, war? If it is, what hope is there of expecting that tribe either to understand or adhere to the procedure of the League? If this is not war, but merely necessary police work, how is it to be prosecuted, except at immense loss of life, by a nation not permitted the use of cruel weapons like guns and aeroplanes? Is the occupation, backed by military force, of a disorganized, chaotic, uncivilized state, war? If it is, are not the consequences of peace, such as murder, banditry, dis-

organization and insecurity, infinitely less preferable than the harsh virtues of war? If it is not war, how is it to be undertaken without the use of arms?

The only form of war to be avoided at all costs is a war fought not between men and armies, but between the civilian populations of a country. The war which is horrible is not a war in which soldiers and sailors are killed (after all, soldiers and sailors sign on for death or duration), but a war in which women and children starve, and the nation which starves slowest is the victor. And yet, incredible as it may seem, this is the only kind of war which this modern morality accepts as legitimate in the last recourse. The iniquities of naked steel have been discarded with contumely, and the economic blockade accepted in their stead as a permissible, though, it is hoped, unnecessary ultimate sanction. An ordinary modern war means the destruction of many fine men on both sides, and probably the discomfiture of the civilian populations. An organized world economic blockade means, and can only mean, the deliberate, systematic ruin and starvation of every man, woman and child in the offending country. A military war is waged ostensibly against an opposing army, though it may involve the civil population too. An economic war is waged scientifically and with purpose against a civilian population and a civilian population alone. This is the crowning glory of the new peace morality. And yet it is just possible that groping in agnostic darkness, bewildered and irrational, it has found, as if by chance, the best way of making wholesale, international war almost an impossibility. But why not then, in heaven's name, pursue the policy to its utter conclusion?

The revolting war, against which civilization wishes to set its face, is not made by soldiers and sailors, by battleships or aeroplanes or artillery. These things, compared to the causes which make such wars, are as the air on a high hill beside the grime in a city basement.

This kind of war can no more be prevented by stripping a nation of the means through which it expresses its virility and its pride, by drawing a nice line between offensive and defensive weapons, by signing pacts, than was the use of poison gas averted by the Hague Convention.

If any form of international treaty obligation can prevent wars of this kind, it would be best for the nations to agree that, in the event of a war occurring, bombs should be dropped on the civilian population only; the poisoning of a nation's food should be the sole legitimate method of attack (or defence); that the proper repository for shells should be hospitals and large industrial towns, and that only those actively engaged in the profession of arms should enjoy a complete immunity from any form of personal discomfort or hostility. But at the thought of such an idea the great thinkers of Europe and America would shudder down their black-coated spines. Having done this, they would rustle their papers, prosecute their attack upon the iniquities of militarism, and proclaim, in resonant prose, the superior humanities of the economic blockade.

But even supposing there was any logic or reason or common sense in the philosophy of this curious post-war pacifist morality, there is one supreme question which it has to answer. The greatest traditions of a country are closely bound up and associated with its services. All that is best and noblest in the manhood of a nation is inextricably interlaced with the fighting virtues. Its services are the finest training ground for the best citizens which any race can produce. In an age which is remarkable for its vulgarity and lack of moral fibre, for its craving after publicity and its complete ignorance of proper values, the Services still remain a profession in which men may think straight and live sanely without either the scorn of their competitors or the sickly adulation of the popular press. And yet there are those who think that they can

prohibit for all time the discomforts which a civilian population must endure whilst starving and being bombed, by taking away from the flower of a nation's manhood the means by which it may still express the few good qualities remaining to a decadent civilization. Perhaps, if all the men in Europe who now enlist in the Services were to go into journalism or the cinema industry, we might be nearer reaching as a world that agonized, semi-articulate coma which is the prerogative of an atheist on his deathbed. And then perhaps there would be peace.

The Emperor Charles of Austria

By Herbert Vivian

A YOUNG enemy Sovereign of weak and amiable character, who had to be exiled because he disobeyed the victors of the war. It was a pity that he came to such grief, but he was never really important, and may as well be forgotten. Such is the careless verdict of history upon the last Emperor of Austria.

The true portrait reveals a great captain, worthy of his namesake of Aspern, a peacemaker who sought to spare the world a year of war, a statesman with remedies for all the ills of patchwork realms, a keen sportsman, fearless, generous and full of charm, so true a saint that miracles are already recorded at his tomb.

The campaigns of calumny which assailed his life and memory were astounding in their reckless intensity. When Cromwell had killed his king, he gathered his accomplices and exclaimed, " Let us blacken him." Now we find another Charles traduced with the refinements of modern ingenuity, not only by the scribes of Entente propaganda, but by Pharisees of treacherous allies. Clemenceau, garbling and broadcasting confidential correspondence, deduced a *conscience pourrie*, while Buelow was even more shamefully libellous towards the dead Sovereign than towards his own Imperial master and benefactor. Charles, we are told, betrayed his German allies, broke his parole to the Swiss, denied the abdications he had signed, and became notorious as a drunkard.

As to the alleged betrayal, he did no more than announce that Austria needed an immediate peace in 1917, and that, if Germany refused her consent, the alliance must cease. The German Emperor has never suggested treachery, and the German Crown Prince openly testified to the loyalty of the Emperor Charles. On the other hand, few Germans had troubled to conceal their desire to dismember Austria, and they could justify themselves by the declared policy of Bismarck. Before

Italy came into the war, Buelow encouraged Sonnino to demand the cession of an Austrian province as the price of Italian neutrality.

When Prince Sixte first approached the French Government on February 11, 1916, he was told, "the present peace proposal of the Emperor of Austria is not new to us, but so far it is only German proposals which have reached the Entente." Practically all those proposals embodied sacrifices to be made by Austria, and she was never warned of the offer of her ally.

Charles made two efforts for a Hungarian restoration in 1921. When he returned to Switzerland from the first, the regent Horthy assured him that the Swiss had agreed to renew hospitality on the old terms without any restrictive conditions whatever. It was only on that understanding that he had consented to leave Hungary at all. But meanwhile, "in the name of the King," though without notifying His Majesty, Horthy had agreed to various proposals, the most important of which was an undertaking to notify the Swiss Government of any change of residence forty-eight hours in advance. Even at the frontier, the Emperor had had misgivings. Before the train left the principality of Liechtenstein, he sent an adjutant to the telephone to make sure there were no new conditions. No, there were none; but, once in Switzerland, he learnt to his amazement that this meant no new conditions beyond those improperly accepted by Horthy. If he had been warned of this, he declared, he would not have returned to Switzerland. As it was, he must be given time to find a domicile.

The Swiss say that he eventually agreed to give notice of any change in his place of exile, but if so, he must have regarded such a proposition as a loophole ingeniously devised by the Government of the Confederation in order to maintain its own point of view without alarming Swiss public opinion, for no stretch of language could imagine Hungary as a place of exile for her

Sovereign, or imply an impediment to his response if he should be summoned home.

Again and again, at the risk of his life in captivity and revolution, the Emperor steadfastly refused to sign any abdication. Yet to this day we find such generally accepted books of reference as Whitaker's Almanack continuing, in the face of denials, to publish the statement of an abdication. The only pretext for this is the Imperial manifesto of November 10, 1918, signed at a time when Red Guards were threatening to storm the palace of Schoenbrunn. The Emperor, as usual, was unmoved by danger, but ministers lost their heads and pressed frantically for the signature of a document he had scarcely had time to peruse. He gave way only on the acceptance of a clause to the effect that the temporary renunciation of the exercise of his Sovereign rights did not constitute abdication. But the ministers failed to fulfil the solemn obligation they had undertaken, and so a false impression went forth to the world on a matter of the highest political and historical significance.

In the spring of 1925, Mr. Lloyd George took a holiday to Madeira, and added to his income by contributing his reflections to the Associated Press. "At the end of October or the beginning of November, 1918," he wrote, "I held in my hand a telegram signed Karl, begging me to assure him an asylum in the Swiss mountains." Now, it is quite impossible that the Emperor can have sent any such telegram at that time. He had not the faintest thought of leaving his country at the end of October or the beginning of November, and, in any case, would not have dreamed of telegraphing to Mr. George. Besides, there was then no telegraphic communication with the enemy, and if the Emperor had telegraphed through some neutral diplomatist the facts could be traced. The only possible explanation seems to be that Mr. George confused some later telegram, though presumably he does not receive Imperial telegrams every day and might be expected to remember whether he ever received

one at all. He was concerned with picturesque journalism, and doubtless attached small importance to a matter affecting the memory of the dead Sovereign. Captain von Schonta, who had been the Emperor's *aide de camp*, wrote with great courtesy, requesting Mr. George to consult his archives and correct the mistake. That statesman had written with patronizing sympathy for the poor Emperor, and it did not seem much to ask him to retrieve a grotesque calumny, but, will it be believed, he did not trouble even to send an acknowledgment through his expensive secretariat. He may have reflected that, unlike American press magnates, the dead cannot pay for praise.

From his earliest childhood, the Emperor Charles had been conspicuous for the moderation of his appetites. All about him remarked how, unlike other boys, he was never attracted by sweetmeats or delicacies. As a young officer, he never shared in the carouses of his colleagues. He was not a total abstainer, for he usually took one glass of light beer or wine with his meals, but alcohol never became a temptation even in the most strenuous hours. Out shooting, or at picnics, when every one of his suite took a pint of wine, he restricted his refreshment to mineral water. Yet the yellow press deliberately singled him out as a toper and was so successful in spreading the falsehood that it came to be believed wherever folks chattered at the uttermost parts of the earth. I heard it in Rome during the war, even in Austria after the war; I was told of it in Belgium by a Hungarian, who would listen to no denial. It is probably still food for the gossip of German beer-houses, London suburban tea-tables, and taverns of Czecho-Slovakia. The rumours even reached the Emperor himself, and once, when his doctors prescribed a teaspoonful of brandy for some slight ailment, he refused with a laugh, saying, "No, no, I am already notorious as a wine-bibber; I am not going to run the risk of being denounced as a slave of Schnapps."

Unless we believe in sheer bad luck, how are we to account for the catastrophes which overwhelmed so admirable a Monarch? Not by defeat in a war that he had tried to avert and run serious risks to terminate. Kaiser William, generally supposed to have provoked the war to gratify personal ambitions, is allowed to employ his wealth in peaceful retirement. King Ferdinand of Bulgaria met with no obstacle in transmitting his throne to his popular son. Surely there must have been some flaws in character or policy to account for punishments of penury and exile. "He was wrong," Mr. Belloc wrote of James the Second, "if we are considering the governance of men. For without duplicity the governance of men in great bodies and in moments of conflicting opinions is impossible." And that is a clue to the failure of the Emperor Charles, who also preferred to keep his honour clean.

He may also be blamed for refusing to think evil of any man without evidence. He seems to have been too good for others to be true. At any rate he was an irresistible magnet for rogues. Ottokar Czernin had won the confidence of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who was steeped in suspicion, and that seemed a sufficient recommendation. He was a plausible, unscrupulous chatterbox, who sang his own praises so persistently that it was difficult to mistrust him, fawned so cleverly that he was promoted from minordiplomacy to the Foreign Secretaryship. Then he threw off masks and intrigued without scruple to make himself a dictator. Entrusted with very secret negotiations, he scrupled not to blurt them all out for the gratification of his boundless vanity. His life in office was one shameless intrigue. Thus he proposed that Austria should become a sort of vassal to Germany and, when General von Cramon objected that Charles would never agree, the answer was, "Leave it to me. I will soon bring him as far as that." "Czernin's endeavour," said one of his colleagues at the Foreign Office, "is to deprive the Emperor of his dignity,

and the next will be to bring about the loss of his crown."

Nicholas Horthy was even more plausible and dangerous. A Hungarian diplomat recently assured me, "He is not a scoundrel (*Schurke*); he is only a very great fool."

That is difficult to believe. During the dark hours of revolution, Horthy came to Schoenbrunn to report his surrender of the Imperial fleet to the "National Council of Serbians, Croatians and Slovenes." There were tears on his cheeks. His voice was choked by loyal emotion as he swore to sacrifice his heart's blood for his master. And the Emperor was deeply moved by these declarations. The scene made so deep an impression that confidence lingered long after black treachery had been revealed. At the end of Bela Kun's reign of terror, Horthy drifted into the Regency of Hungary as a warming-pan to await the Entente's permission that Charles should return. At Easter 1921, Charles came alone to claim the fulfilment of repeated promises that the Government would be handed over. For two hours Horthy haggled with outstretched palms over honours and decorations to be given if he submitted. Then by false promises he tricked his Sovereign into returning to Switzerland to await events. Charles came back in October with an army and was received by machine-guns; even then he would have effected his restoration but for black treachery over an armistice.

This was carried out by the traitor Hegedüs. In a statement read to the Hungarian parliament on December 10, 1921, he declared: "I represented my Oath of Allegiance as still valid so that I might win the King's confidence at all costs with the object of playing the double part which I had already played against the King in the interests of the country. . . . In my capacity of chosen Commander of the King's forces, I fixed a line of demarcation for the truce so as to make the position of the King's forces untenable."

Wiseacres after events have thought Charles should have chosen better men. But where were they to be found? This is not an age of statesmen, and Austria was no more productive of such rarities than any other land. He listened to every suggestion, sent for every plausible politician. All in vain. He found none but blind alleys to explore, and when defeat was followed by revolution there was a *sauve qui peut.* Asquith's summary of Jews seemed to apply to the masses: "They are always ready to fall on your neck or at your feet, never to stand by your side." Nor were the nobles any better. They almost invite sighs for the lanterns of the sans-culottes. The head of one highly well-born House openly welcomed the Republic, because, quoth he, "The Emperor had really not much tenderness for us."

Indeed, if his policy is studied, a conscientious democrat is revealed, a champion of peace, reform and self-determination. What an irony of history that the war waged on behalf of his principles should have singled him out for spoliation and persecution, exiled him in ignominy to a distant isle, where, like another Charles the Martyr, he passed from a corruptible to an incorruptible Crown! It is recorded that, at the very moment of his passing, the mists broke and a bright light shone forth from the sky. He had sought peace and he found it in God.

The Revolution of 1931: An Independent Point of View

By B. N. Langdon-Davies

"LA constitution anglaise," said de Tocqueville, "n'existe point," and at once proceeded to write a monumental work upon it. He demonstrated three things: that our constitution was at no point immutable, that we altered it continually, and that we always pretended that we had not altered it at all. That is why we find it difficult to say what at any given moment is its precise form. As we look back over the centuries there are periods when we approximated to absolute monarchy, to oligarchy, to plutocracy, to constitutional monarchy, to virtual republicanism.

Somewhere about a century ago we settled down into what we became accustomed to call Parliamentary Democracy. The theory was that "the People" selected its rulers through the vote. What constituted "the People" was at first somewhat ludicrous, but gradually it has come to consist of almost all adult persons who can be pinned down to any fixed abodes. It was never determined how far or by what method those rulers were bound to carry out the policies announced to "the People" before their election. In general they made little or no attempt to do so. By the time the opportunity came it was generally too late to take it. Moreover, since we had retained a great deal of aristocratic and plutocratic power in the House of Lords and even something of monarchy, to say nothing of the growing power of departments of the Civil Service and of external organizations, such as Employers' Federations and Trades Unions, there were always excellent excuses for failing to redeem election promises. What must be done by any government is rarely or never popular. That was one reason why no party dared to lay before the people what it really proposed to do. Another reason is that it does not and cannot know what it is going to do until it

is in power. Democracy so far in the world's history and most certainly in Great Britain has therefore of necessity been in great measure government by fraud.

This precious heritage has for some time now been breaking down. The different parties have at different moments extended the franchise when they have required new voters to keep them in office. But the wider the franchise, the less powerful the individual voter, and consequently the more rigid the predominance of the party or rather of its caucus. And the more rigid that becomes, the less influential is the individual member of Parliament. The people elect a number of men and women to positions of political publicity, but of political impotence. They serve collectively to register the advent to power of a party caucus which has almost invariably to obey the orders of extra-parliamentary bodies.

In the modern industrial world the two most powerful forces are finance and labour. So long as these two were not directly and avowedly represented in Parliament, the system as outlined above worked reasonably well. There were two parties, one of which broadly represented the vested interests and finance, and the other the middle classes and labour. The actual conduct of affairs under whichever was in power was much the same. Continuity of policy and the harmony of the Legislature and the Executive were thus assured. The pendulum swung registering the fact that the earth was revolving.

Unfortunately for the permanence of the system ill-advised Conservative and Liberal leaders proclaimed the principles of democracy somewhat too insistently. While accepting the representative principle and the general form of the constitution as advertised, certain leaders of the proletariat took the Conservative and Liberal leaders at their word, and the Labour Representation Committee, the Independent Labour Party, and, finally, the Labour Party were the result. This did not directly affect the Conservative party, which had never been dependent on class conscious Labour. But it spelt ruin

for the Liberals. In its distress that party devoted itself to the development of a progressive programme. With its chief strength based upon the nonconformist conscience it developed its policies of education, temperance, disestablishment of the Church, moderate pacifism, land taxation, and general social reform. But Labour had the advantage of more drastic and attractive policies on such of these problems as interested the public, while it was free from unpopular views about beer and sabbatarianism. Steadily at successive elections it forged ahead.

The Liberals turned in a panic to the financiers. Conservatism, they declared, represented the land, the brewers, the Church; Liberalism surely could capture big business, and, consequently, finance. Under the influence of Mr. Lloyd George they attacked those vested interests on which the Conservatives depended, while Mr. Asquith wooed and consolidated the City and the captains of industry. Unfortunately for the old system they were for a time too successful. Mr. Lloyd George's famous Budget of 1909, followed by the Parliament Acts, really did seem at first to be breaking in upon the comfortable system under which we had been living. But Big Business was always timid of those who were ready to break in on such sacred things as property rights and the powers of the peerage, while Labour mistrusted the Greeks even when they gave land taxes, national insurance and a limitation (nominal enough in all conscience) of the power of the Lords.

At the outbreak of the great war the Labour Party had greatly increased in strength and had recently been so organized as to form a political party more on the old model than when it had consisted of a small group of Socialists and a larger group solely representing the Trade Unions. The Liberals were in power with a strong Conservative opposition and a growing Labour Party on their flank.

Mr. Lloyd George has always been credited with a

sixth sense in politics, and perhaps he already felt that inevitable fall of the Party System of which other political leaders seemed and still seem to be unaware. At all events, he did then what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald repeated in 1931. He made a personal government, nominally dependent on a temporary union of parties. In both cases the argument would appear to be that for great crises the political principles governing the parties are useless. Those principles may dictate the course of action in minor matters; but, when all is at stake, opportunism is the only thing. Simple men who fancied that principles of government really meant something and were even more important in crises than in days of calm, have been in both cases abused, shouldered aside and almost branded as traitors. In both cases they have herded together into an uneasy opposition, weak because disunited.

For the duration of the war the Parliamentary system was abrogated. So far from governing, Parliament did not even ask to know what was being done, and "the People" was kept in order by the Military Service Acts and by D.O.R.A.

In the brave new world which was to come after the war this system might have continued indefinitely. But Labour had had to be flattered during the war and revolution was stalking over Europe. The goods could not be delivered and the proletariat was demanding them with increasing vehemence. On the one hand, organized Labour made up its mind that Communism would not do, and on the other, both Liberals and Conservatives were convinced that only a reversion to the old system could save the country from what they insisted on regarding as a revolutionary Labour Government.

Thus, for a time, all the politicians scurried back into their former camps. There was, however, a difference. The flame which had fired Liberalism in its Lloyd George days was extinct. Those reforms which had survived the

war were found to be nugatory. The Conservatives feared them no longer. Labour took the place of Liberalism with policies only a little more advanced than the Liberals themselves must have announced and, indeed, did announce to a world which ignored them.

At last Labour formed a government, failed to please its supporters or conciliate its opponents, went into opposition, and after an interval at long last came into power with some sort of chance of carrying out the reforms it had promised.

But it was not the old system. The declared programme of Labour, unlike the nineteenth-century Liberal and Conservative policies, precluded harmony between the Legislature and the Executive or continuity of policy. The Civil Service could in old days easily accommodate itself to the very minor differences between Liberal and Conservative measures and ministers. Things then went smoothly enough. But they could do so no longer. The new alignment of parties made the old constitution unworkable.

At first the Labour Government was able to mark time. Successive crises in the international field provided plenty of work, and at home for a time a people borne down to earth by taxation, trembling in economic insecurity and slipping continually further down the slope of destitution was content to hail as a great social reform the commendable provision of bathing facilities in Hyde Park. But the Trade Unions were becoming restive, as also were the Socialists of the Independent Labour Party. The Government could not deliver the goods. Its only friends were in the ranks of one or other of the opposing groups and, as this became obvious, the fury of its own followers in and out of Parliament increased.

An attempt to break through the disintegrating ring fence of parties was made by Sir Oswald Mosley, who did seem to realize that the old system was, as the country soon would be, bankrupt. But Mosley is too intellectual to be a Hitler, too genial to be a Mussolini; he has too

much of the squire in his make-up to be a Lenin, and too much of the undergraduate to enlist the support of the British public. His New Party raised but a ripple on the surface of politics or, if there was a storm, its violence was restricted to the limits of a champagne cup.

In the summer of 1931 the economic disease of the world took a turn for the worse and the last remnants of the programme on which Labour had come into power went. No other party was going to accept the baby. Amid shrieks of mutual recrimination the Labour Government, and with it Parliamentary Democracy, perished. A farcical election followed in which the electorate was asked to give a "doctor's mandate." As any one of us when threatened with a dangerous disease would do, we gave it.

The "doctor's mandate" is the name under which Great Britain and the Empire have accepted Fascism. We have not proceeded theatrically; we have kept the semblance of all our constitutional forms. But we have shed the collective responsibility of the Cabinet and replaced it with a formula about "agreeing to differ"; we are setting up bodies right and left to legislate under the orders of a few ministers and by the authority of broad enabling Acts; we have thereby banished the responsibility of the Cabinet to Parliament and, in consequence, of Parliament to the electorate.

Theoretically, when the crisis is over, we shall revert to the old system. But this crisis or one so similar as to justify the same methods never will be over. The parties, in the old sense, are dead.

It is as well, therefore, at this stage to free our minds from the obsession of parties. Mr. MacDonald has for a year now been the ruler of this country, not as a Socialist or as a Conservative. As Professor Laski has well shown he is the nominee of the Crown and is, in fact, responsible to no one but the King. His power to act may be limited by the personal influence of the Crown or of his colleagues or by all kinds of things. But his right to act in any way

he chooses is no more and no less than his right to hold office at all.

Desperate situations require desperate remedies, and we have had a constitutional revolution in order that they may be discovered and applied. For a year now we have been awaiting the discovery and the application. The country has been ready to accept anything. The incident of the gold standard showed that, to say nothing of the increase in the income tax, the success of the conversion loan and half a dozen other things. But the country is beginning to be very impatient at the absence of any real remedies. Vague, optimistic talk by ministers without there being the slightest basis for their optimism, conferences on disarmament which decide that nobody shall disarm, conferences on the world economic situation which carefully exclude the only economic subjects that are of immediate importance, spasmodic tariffs on foreign goods accompanied by increasing unemployment—these are not calculated to allay the impatience of a people faced with ruin.

The truth is that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues, having effected a revolution and captured power amid the plaudits of the mass of the nation, cannot or will not use it. They think in terms of the old order, of a constitution which is dead, of a world situation which has brought us to destitution and is likely to bring us to destruction. They know that tariffs are no guarantee against unemployment; the United States have shown that. They know that armaments lead to war; Germany has shown that. They know that general reductions of wages and salaries cannot increase trade; common sense shows them that. They know that the British people are not the least interested in any freedom except that which enables them to live in comfort under the law; D.O.R.A. has shown them that. Yet they go on building armaments; putting on tariffs, buttressing finance, talking, talking, talking about peace, about Empire, about coming trade booms. Meanwhile bankruptcies and unemployment

increase, war looms on the horizon, two-thirds of the population are overtaxed in order that one-third may lose their self respect and ability to work by enforced idleness, and *there is no sign whatever of improvement in these conditions.*

Fascism, which is nominally constitutional dictatorship, only succeeds by delivering the goods. If it cannot do that, neither words nor arms will save it. We are now, in the true British manner with the concordance of Crown, Lords and Commons and by the co-operation of men of avowedly opposite political principles, living under a Fascist regime. But it is not delivering the goods.

We cannot revert to the old system. We cannot for many months longer go on as we are. If our dictators are not able or willing to discover and apply desperate remedies, they must be replaced by those who can or will. Whether their successors' political complexions will reflect that of a Mussolini, a von Papen or a Lenin is doubtful and makes less difference than is commonly thought. For better or for worse Mr. Lloyd George became dictator in the days of the war and succeeded. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has in these days of impending ruin also become dictator. Is he succeeding?

The Bubble of Relativity

By Arthur Lynch

THE theory of Relativity does not constitute a new advance in science. In regard to the Galilean or Newtonian views of the solar system, for example, it does not refine on their modes of calculation and give us more accurate determinations; it is not of the nature of those "Nouvelles méthodes" of Poincaré, who improved upon Laplace's "Mécanique celeste"; it is something different in conception. It proceeds by rendering useless, if not demolishing, the imposing structure by which we have been able since Copernicus to obtain some vision of the cosmos, and in place of this it erects its own supposed superior system.

This would be wonderful and altogether admirable if it were valid; but it is not valid; it is a false doctrine based on misconceived metaphysical notions, leading to erroneous deductions from experiments, particularly those of Michelson and Morley, supported by baseless assumptions in the physical world, backed by incorrect mathematics, and finally established by so-called verifications that do not bear examination.

This introduction certainly does not correspond to the popular conception of Einstein's work, nor indeed to what at one time had been, I will not say my opinion, but my anticipation in regard to it, for, both by temperament and by reasoning, I welcome those breaks from scientific orthodoxy which give the promise of deeper and wider vision with regard to the constitution of our world. But to be daring and original is possibly less difficult than to be truly scientific; that is to say, ready to respect the demand for the most rigorous examination and criticism by which the adventurous new theory may be tested.

Einstein fails when such means of judgment are applied, but I found, and this I had never expected, that he fails also in the qualities of originality and daring. There is not one part of the theory of Relativity which

has originated with Einstein, and his daring has consisted mainly in taking the suggestions of others, great mathematicians most of them, and giving to their expressions a twist or bias never intended by the authors, and moreover of such a kind as to raise up their very bones in protest.

The first inkling of the modern theory of Relativity comes from Descartes, who said that there was no incompatibility in believing that the earth revolved round the sun, or the sun revolved round the earth. This, when I first heard it in my student days in Berlin, seemed to be a clever evasion by Descartes of a crucial question, but on reflection I recognized that it was a plain statement of the facts of the case; and later this view of the matter was confirmed by the famous French mathematician, Henri Poincaré. All movements are relative, and just as in a railway train if we have nothing to remind us of our own motion we may be led to imagine that a standing train is rushing past us; so while on the earth we imagine that the sun revolves round our standpoint, but if we could take a place in the sun we would see, with equal evidence, that the earth revolved round our new standpoint. It is more convenient for description, and for the elucidation of simple "laws," to regard the sun as the centre of the system; the great conception of Copernicus has really no other meaning.

So far, however, we are well within the limits of all that is reasonable in the doctrine of relativity, such as Galileo and Newton and all other physicists recognized; but the doctrine of Relativity of Einstein and his disciples would have created no great stir in the world if it had remained capable of being interpreted in terms of common sense.

We will come to the crux of the matter a little later; but for the moment, with regard to Einstein's originality, another famous doctrine, associated with Relativity, that of the curvature of space, excited the wonder of the world long before Einstein. Professor Clifford, a genius

with a freakish turn of wit, played with it, but previously the German mathematician, Von Staudt, who was a pupil of Gauss, gave it a fairly clear enunciation. I have not been able to trace it further, and I have found reasons, too detailed and technical for discussion in this short article, accounting for its appearance at that time. Subsequently, another German mathematician still more famous, Riemann, gave the suggestion the form that has proved the glory and the undoing of the Relativitist school. Riemann inserted a little phrase which the disciples have omitted, "if there were a beginning of curvature"; yet that "if" has some importance, for in such a curvature it is manifestly the first step that costs.

In his Göttingen memoir of 1867 Riemann throws out another suggestion that has delighted the Relativitists and has also succeeded in "astonishing the bourgeoisie"; he says, though again with certain restrictions of what may be implied, that the universe may be finite though unlimited. In the same paper Riemann has also declared —and this the Relativitists omit to mention—that he was insufficiently versed in that branch of philosophy which bears on the subject he was studying. Now I have a great admiration of Riemann's mathematics and high respect for his judgment, and never more than when he refers to his own deficiencies on the psychological side.

As to the modern exponents of the doctrine, Sir James Jeans, Sir Arthur Eddington, and others, I often rub my eyes when reading them, wondering whether they think they are talking science or philosophy, or simply giving rein to intellects bitten by the tarantula of Shavian paradox.

Briefly—and I say this apparently with dogmatism, but as the result of investigations shown elaborately elsewhere—the whole doctrine is not merely false, it is absurd. To say that space is curved is as ridiculous as to say that a blackboard is parabolic because a parabole can be drawn on it. The confusion of space and time and

the talk of the space-time continuum, do not arise with Einstein; the modern originator is Minkowski, and of those doctrines it is sufficient to remark that they suffer from the same defects as Riemann's paradoxes; they could only arise in the mind of a man either ignorant of psychology, or demoralized by the teaching in this subject that still prevails in the great Universities.

The confusion of mass and velocity is in the same category. It requires specially trained intellects to brave the consequences of such hypotheses. A man might say that a pint of beer and a perfect day were equivalent terms, but an analyst, who could show that these concepts were not composed of like elements, would not make such a blunder; the confusion of mass and velocity is not less a matter of incongruity.

Finally, on the mathematical side, Einstein is neither original nor profound. His doctrine of gravitation has been set forth in mathematical form, not by himself, but by a German mathematician, Schwarzschild, now deceased, and it is an extraordinary but unconvincing piece of work.

The quest for a general law to express physical phenomena haunted the old Greeks, reappeared in Leibnitz, and in another form in Herbert Spencer, and then in regard to a certain domain in the Dutch physicist, Lorentz. The quest is illusory, and in Einstein's adaptations it has led to the greatest and, in my opinion, the most absurd of his dogmas, the doctrine of the invariance of the velocity of light.

It would give me pleasure to carry on the examination on mathematical lines, but that would not be readily intelligible to the general reader. Here the Relativitists cry that no one can criticize Einstein except by the use of mathematics. I would point out that few of his followers and exponents, from Lord Haldane to Bernard Shaw, knew anything of mathematics; while on the other hand, after reading Einstein, Schwarzschild, Sir Arthur Eddington, and many others, I say that this

powerful though delicate instrument supplies the most devastating weapon against the whole theory.

But at this point let us come to the human side of the matter, so as the better to fix our ideas. When I heard Einstein lecture in London, at King's College, I received a deep impression, that is to say, with regard to the ceremonial accessories. All the professors were there, robed in those extraordinary garments that might have amazed even Solomon's lilies; and, just as in the House of Commons on big State occasions, the show was so stage-managed that an atmosphere was created where profound respect was dominant and critical thought had difficulty in breathing. Many of the professors seemed to abandon the attempt to keep it alive.

Nevertheless, with Einstein himself, who at last made his appearance, I was immediately pleased. His manner was easy and unaffected, and I noticed that courtesy and sympathetic nature of which lately M. Paul Painlevé, the famous French statesman and mathematician, spoke to me so appreciatively. Einstein lectured in German, which few of his audience understood. Not a great proportion of those who followed the German could understand his psychology, and of those, few were acquainted with physical science. On this occasion he elucidated his doctrine, even that of his theory of gravitation, without the aid of mathematics, although the more intimate of his disciples declare that without mathematics there can be no comprehension of Relativity. Nothing of what I have said runs counter to this, for if I have mentioned the absence of mathematics I have not implied the existence of comprehension. That, I am sure, was, amongst the richly-robed professors, blissfully apart from their enjoyment.

The discourse was really divided into three parts, the psychological side, the physical side, and tentative explanations of phenomena which may or may not have been true, but which certainly were not vital to the principle of Relativity. Einstein displayed the same style

as I have found in all his writings : an obscure enunciation followed by arguments lacking in rigour and cohesion, and concluded by the announcement of some extraordinary result. Everyone seemed highly gratified except myself; I felt like an outcast wrestling with that petty demon of reason which there, even in that atmosphere and among those Great Fredericks of pomp and prestige, kept insistently demanding clear conceptions and cogent arguments, and, could you believe it, common sense!

Here I have touched on the pith of the argument in regard to Einstein's reputation, for it has been represented to me that it requires great courage—and that word was not used in an appreciative sense—to tackle Einstein, since he had marshalled on his side so many University professors, and so many budding reporters who, having called Freud the "Columbus of Thought," must necessarily name Einstein a greater Newton. I am, however, less terrified by the professors, for I have fortified myself by a course of reading their arguments. Many of the most illustrious have evidently vague ideas as to the real meaning of Relativity, for they seize on side issues such as the curvature of space, which Einstein himself has abandoned, or the constancy of the velocity of light, which he declares must be modified; while the only suggestion I have found of tracing out the theory from the "germinal idea," and thence showing the principle of its development, came from M. Painlevé, who has adversely criticized Einstein's positions.

I am really more afraid of the reporters than the professors, believing that it is they who, by sheer force of publicity and extravagant assertion, have stampeded some of the higher circles of thought, for these in a more stilted and obscure language do little more than reproduce the thoughts of the others, and they are equally recalcitrant to mere arguments of reason. Finally, before leaving this side of the discussion, I say that it is not true that the weight of scientific opinion is in favour of Einstein. Out of over a hundred members of the French

Académie des Sciences, ninety at least were anti-Einstein, their opinions indeed being recorded with a violence of language that astonished, though without wholly disconcerting me.

The "germinal idea" of the whole doctrine is that of attempting to obtain an invariant law for all physical phenomena, *even in the cases where no ground for invariance exists*. This led to a further idea that the only laws regarding phenomena that could be laid down with surety were those ascertained in regard to simultaneous happenings. This induced Einstein to supersede "abstract" reasonings by a system of measurement by rods and clocks. These were supposed to give the only certitude. Again, all this is illusory. In observations made in regard to simultaneous phenomena, the registering of that simultaneity is not automatic; it occurs by means of a series of processes following on the stimulation of the retina of the eye by light, and the time occupied by these complicated reactions in our organism, until they reach the stage of conscious perception, is so long that in the meantime a signal could be conveyed by light over a distance of twenty thousand miles. This fact, well known to astronomers, is noted by the term "personal equation." So much for simultaneity. The endeavour to dissociate observation from "abstract" conception is still more unscientific. By reasoning on abstract conceptions, mathematicians have arrived at measurements whose accuracy is beyond the scope of rods and clocks.

The next stage is that of the Michelson-Morley experiment, of which the principle may be thus stated: the earth in its orbit moves at one period towards the sun with considerable velocity, and at another away from it; therefore, the velocity of light from the sun to the earth should appear to vary; is it possible to make that variation evident? The experiments were not decisive, but, within the limits of error, there was no evidence of a variation so great as calculation had led to expect.

Here was something extraordinary and paradoxical. The paradox vanishes if the ether be " viscous "—as for many reasons it would appear to be—that is to say, if the part in contact with the earth were carried along by the earth. The conditions would then approximate to those in a railway carriage where all the objects in the carriage partake of the same movement, and the relative changes between them are like those that would occur in a stationary carriage.

Einstein explains the result by a stroke of what his disciples call genius. We have the dogma of the invariance of the velocity of light, under all circumstances of change of velocity of the transmitting and receiving bodies. That is to say, expressing the matter barely in its essentials, if we suppose two bodies, *A* from which a ray of light emanates, and *B* which receives the light; then the velocity of the light relative to *A* and *B* is unaltered, even when *B* received an impulse of velocity towards *A*.

This dogma is so astonishing that Sir Arthur Eddington, who has a remarkably keen mind when not hypnotized by his prepossessions, revolts against it and tries to explain it away. Other disciples, more staunch, hold to the dogma and bravely try to explain it *in*, and not away. Einstein must hold to it, for as Henri Poincaré and that very learned mathematician, M. Emile Picard, say, if that explanation fall, then the whole theory falls.

There you have the *leit motif* of Relativity; the other parts, the fourth dimension, the curvature of space, the finite limitless Universe, are incidental fantasies; they fit in with the whole theme beautifully; away from it they sound a puerile note.

As to the " verifications," there cannot be any for such a baseless theory, but I will deal briefly with their appearance. First as to the behaviour of Mercury; this planet does not arrive in the place in the heavens that the astronomical calculations might seem to predict.

There are many reasons why this should be so, one being that the calculations have not taken into account all the mathematical terms involved. But the Einsteinists, by a manipulation of their own calculations, altogether inadmissible, appear to give as a result a closer approximation than that of the Newtonians, which, however, they knew beforehand. The same system applied to Venus proved a failure.

The second verification is that of the deflexion of rays of light passing near the sun. The observations that test this are shown as a series of dots on a chart, and by connecting various dots the Relativitists obtain a curve which, they claim, verifies their theory. But M. Escanglon, the director of the Observatory of Paris, pointed out to me on one of these charts that other curves could be drawn with equal justice to prove the contrary, or to prove something else. The whole test is in fact illusory.

The third test is that of certain lines of the spectrum which, when the light comes from the sun, move towards the red end. Why this happens we do not know, partly because there are a great many characteristics of light concerning which we are in darkness; and it is only in comparatively recent times that we have, sometimes accidentally, discovered various " effects," the Zeeman effect, the Stark effect, the Compton effect, the Raman effect, and so on. On the other hand, the Relativitists' explanation takes no account whatever of the hundred and one perturbations that might affect a ray of light between the sun and the earth. Their explanation of this phenomena reminds me of abracadabra, or Eastern incantation, or anything you please, rather than of scientific reasoning. Moreover, in this case also they knew already the result they wanted. Here is the time, if any, to use M. Picard's delightful phrase, " rupture of common sense."

To sum up then finally: Einstein is not either an original nor a profound thinker. The theory he has elaborated has started with an illusory conception, and

in order to sustain that there has been introduced a scaffolding of false science; the so-called verifications are futile to absurdity; the theory is not one that opens up new visions, and that may be, step by step, rendered precise and adaptable to the development of science; it is in its essence false and barren.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

October 16th.

I HAVE been talking to a farmer who has gone in for mechanized grain growing. In spite of the fact that the weather during this last harvest has been unfavourable for the use of the combine harvester, he seems very satisfied with his year's working. I gathered that these new machines make it possible to harvest grain with much less human labour, so that an increased acreage of wheat will not help the unemployment problem very much; in many cases it will have just the opposite effect. Be that as it may, I cannot help wondering whether it can be sound policy to use a lot of expensive machinery to try to conquer adverse climatic conditions for grain growing when those same conditions are so entirely favourable for our more important branches of farming. From a fairly long experience of the British climate, I have acquired a sound respect for it, and I would prefer to farm so that it shall be my friend rather than my enemy.

October 17th.

Rural replies are usually very much to the point. I came across this one the other day. A townsman wrote to a farming acquaintance asking him to take his son into his home as a farm pupil, giving three reasons why the farmer should do this for nothing. Firstly, because the boy was very keen on learning farming; secondly, because the boy was very keen on hard work; and thirdly, because the boy was very keen on saving money. The farmer replied as follows:—*Dear Sir, Your son is pursuing three laudable objects, and so is, Yours faithfully, Farmer Giles.*

October 19th.

A beautiful day. My more or less lawful avocations caused me to find myself on the top of the downs about midday. I looked down at the beautiful picture of the

Wylye valley. The green background of the meadows had faded somewhat since the summer—there is no green like the first water-meadow grass—but the trees were lovely; the beeches flamed in burnished copper, the elms had lemon splotches, and the willows were steel-grey. It was a picture of permanence and peace. There is that last about the land; it is the one national asset which no man can destroy, and in these days, when most of the artificial arrangements of modern civilization seem to be breaking down, this is something to be thankful for. Everything looked very close to-day, so there's rain on the way.

October 20th.

I was right about the weather; it has rained steadily all to-day. Weather, of course, makes precious little difference to the work on this farm now. My cows have been milked and fed twice daily as usual. In good weather this is a pleasant job, and in bad weather it's just the reverse, but always it gets done. In other words, as far as is humanly possible, the farm has become a factory. I grant you that I prefer the farming of my boyhood; it was more pleasant and more interesting, but regrets are no good; one cannot put back the clock, and it is wasted effort to try. Modern transport has rendered it impossible to drive a good cob on the road to-day, so we have to make do with a car. So with everything, we must live our lives in accordance with to-day's conditions, and look forward to the future with hope. A difficult thing for farmers to do just now, I'm afraid, but it's got to be done. The Lord helps those who try to help themselves, and presumably in the future our Government will wake up to the soundness of this, and proceed to manure politically the farming field which will give a return, instead of the barren one.

October 22nd.

I think that I have found a good way in which to illustrate the right place our home farming should take

in any Empire scheme. Most householders have three sources of food supply for their households. These are the small garden attached to the house, and the shops round the corner, which are divided into two classes—those belonging to our friends, and those belonging to people with whom we have no intimate connection. The statesman has a household of some 45 million people, his garden is our home farming, the friend's shop is our Dominions' agriculture, and the other fellow's shop is the foreigner's farming. We use our small gardens to produce those foods which are of better quality because of their freshness. Salads, for instance—we can buy only a tired salad from the shops round the corner. We don't use our gardens to grow the one thing which we can buy not only cheaper, but also of better quality than we can grow it, and when we buy from a shop, we go to our friend's in preference. Surely the statesman should do the same, and use his garden, Britain, for a similar purpose, in the production of perishable products, not for wheat growing, and surely he should purchase our other food requirements from our Dominions, using the third source of supply, the foreigner, when, and only when, the first two sources fail. Besides, we want the wheat, etc., from our friend's shop to use as a feeding stuff for our live stock. In that way we can do a lot of good business with him.

October 25th.

I went to a cattle sale to-day, and bought four more springing heifers. £20 apiece is my limit, and I prefer the £17 figure. Bad farming policy most people will say, but I have tried the other method, the expensive animal, and I have not yet cured all the financial wounds I suffered in so doing, but they are getting better. When I think of the idiotic things I did some few years ago, I wonder that I can expect to cure my wounds. I went back to a neighbour's after the sale and there spent a pleasant evening—a real farmer's evening. We put the

whole world more or less straight, and had great fun in so doing. I produced my garden illustration for criticism, and was told that it fell down because most people grew potatoes, which they could buy of equal quality and much more cheaply from a shop. I pointed out that by comparison with the size of the household our homeland was a very small garden indeed, and that people with a very small garden definitely did not grow potatoes. After that I was told that the illustration would pass muster. The result of our deliberations was that we would sooner farm in this country than in any other, and most of us had some experience of colonial and foreign agriculture. As usual, we got back to the idea that the currency problem was the root of all evils for all productive industry, and there we stuck, and so, apparently, does everybody else.

October 28th.

I went to Wexcombe again to-day. I have had a farm pupil since Michaelmas, and as I have only Open-air Dairying on this farm to teach him, it had occurred to me that I should try to give him a chance to learn something about poultry. Accordingly, we went to buy a poultry run and some pullets from Mr. Hosier. Quite frankly, I hate poultry—a natural antipathy, I suppose—and I know practically nothing about them, so we are starting in a small way. If, after some months' experience with this little lot, we find that there is reasonable prospect of financial success, we shall extend our researches. I am letting my pupil have entire charge of the poultry, and he is going to keep a separate account of their expenses and receipts. I am going to book the eggs into my milk round at 3*d*. per dozen less than my retail price. I think that Frank, my pupil, considers this to be hardly fair, but I tell him that even the blood-sucking middleman is worthy of his hire, and that as a retailer, I am dirt cheap at 3*d*. per dozen.

November 3rd.

I am not having very good luck this season with my calving heifers. Bad luck in these things occurs in patches like punctures. We had a bad calving job this afternoon, and although we managed it successfully, the heifer was too exhausted to get up. This was awkward. She was in a pasture nearly a mile away from the farm, and she could neither be moved or left alone for the night. Somebody must sit up with her. Of course, as I am the only man on the place now who doesn't do any work, I was the obvious choice. Have you ever been into a hospital ward at night? The ward is dark, save for the glow of one reading-lamp, which sheds a sort of halo around the night nurse. When her patients need attention, she leaves her knitting or her book, and ministers to them. To-night, the ward is the pasture, and in the middle of it sits the night nurse writing this diary. I have discovered a new use for my car—there seems to be no end to the jobs for which a car is a help on a farm. I have the interior light on, so that I can write or read, and I can switch the headlights on to the patient when required. If Belinda—for so have I named my patient—would only lie quietly till morning she would be all right, but she won't. Every few minutes or so she staggers to her feet, and then goes down flop. This takes all the puff out of her, and there she lies like a dead thing, with one horn stuck into the ground, until I get her propped comfortably again. Drat it, there she goes again. This up and down business has continued from 10 p.m. until 4.30 a.m. Apart from this it hasn't been a bad job. The night has been warm, fine and still; the poplars have watched over us like sentinels; Belinda has been getting stronger each hour; I have smoked several pipes and written up this diary; now I can hear the milking engine running, and here at last at 5 o'clock is one of the men coming across the pasture to relieve me. A satisfactory business on the whole, and the night nurse will retire to rest.

November 5th.

Belinda was on her feet, although in rather wobbly fashion when I next visited her at 10 o'clock. With care and attention now she will soon be all right. We have had two more calves this morning, everything O.K. The broad average in this sort of thing isn't too bad. We have had at least sixty calves up to date in 1932, and this has been the only real trouble. Not a bad record for the open-air treatment. Years ago, with indoor dairying, we had much more bother. After all, a cow is an out-door animal.

November 6th.

I have had a most cheering conversation to-day with a man who has considerable intimate knowledge of what happened at Ottawa. He told me that the Dominions recognized our right to secure to our home producers the first place in the home market for products suitable to our climatic conditions, but that they did not look with favour on our subsidizing of wheat and sugar. "How can you expect to get a satisfactory trade agreement with the wheat and sugar producing parts of the Empire, when you subsidize such unsuitable products for your home agriculture?" he said. "Protect your live stock and vegetable men against both the colonial producer and the foreigner, if need be. That's only reasonable. Of course, you'll always grow a certain amount of wheat as a complement to your live-stock farming, and if you must amuse yourself with a bit of sugar at great expense, you must, I suppose, but for Heaven's sake don't kid yourselves that in either case you're doing anything that really matters." His remarks make me want to quote Burns :—

> O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as ithers see us!

November 8th.

This morning our poultry arrived, and Frank has now the cares of the world on his immature shoulders—at

least, that is the impression he gives me. However, he was much cheerier when he came in to tea. I had told him that owing to the upset of the journey his pullets would not commence to lay for some days, but he came in with one egg. There was considerable bookkeeping activity after tea. I imagine that the poultry account shows an entry of $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ on the receipts side. With regard to quick returns poultry and cows have much in common, while the majority of our agriculture does not know the meaning of the term. Whether there will be the pleasing corollary of a small profit, time will show.

November 13th.

This week-end I have been indoors with a cold, and have had time to study the Government's latest proposals in connection with meat. I must be either very thick or not sufficiently gullible, but I cannot see the manifold virtues of quotas as compared with tariffs. As I see it, any increased price in overseas meat due to the artificial scarcity created by quotas will be paid by the British housewife to the overseas producer, so that in effect we shall be subsidizing him. Surely the same increase in price due to tariffs would, in large measure, find its way into our own treasury. As a farmer I am naturally suspicious of these voluntary arrangements to restrict imports, which have been agreed to so readily by Dominion and foreign importers, and I am certain that the British consumer would prefer that his money paid in increased meat prices should stay here rather than go abroad. Frankly, I cannot see that quotas will solve our difficulty. I daresay I am missing some obvious argument in their favour—my head is pretty muzzy, I admit—so perhaps somebody will write and explain their advantages.

The Theatre

By E. D. O'Brien

FOR SERVICES RENDERED: Somerset Maugham. Globe Theatre.

THE sound commercial instincts of Mr. Somerset Maugham have led him, in his latest play, "For Services Rendered," to find an admirable scapegoat on which to fasten all the sins and discomforts of the post-war world. For what better could one find than the war? Has it not already provided satisfactory and unexpected incomes for a number of literary and semi-literary gentlemen? Why, then, should we blame him, if Mr. Maugham, realizing—a little late in the day, perhaps, but, oh, so wisely—in which direction a certain popular wind is blowing, trims his sails to the breeze, and bowls gallantly along with every stitch of tragic canvas spread, and gets away with as much as possible before it dies away again? And how successful he is!

Mr. Maugham's situations may be unreal. The premises from which he draws his morbid conclusions may be palpably false. Lust, drunkenness, suicide, jealousy, stupidity, disease, may jostle each other on the stage in unmeaning profusion. Let but the scapegoat poke its draggled head, however, out of the wings and bleat, "I am the war. It's all because of me. Ma-a-a-h," and the critics, like another type of bleating animal, are satisfied.

In a small country town there lives a solicitor, Leonard Ardsley, his wife, family, and neighbours. His only son, Sydney (Cedric Hardwicke), has been blinded in the war. One daughter, Eva, still mourns her fiancé who was killed; another is married to a drunkard; while the youngest, Lois, is dissatisfied at the age of twenty-six with her tea-party life. There is also a war profiteer, with his jealous and ill-treated wife; and Stratton, a compulsorily-retired naval commander, who is in grave financial straits.

Now, no one minds Mr. Maugham writing an Elizabethan tragedy, if he feels that that is how his genius best finds expression. I, for one, am partial to

my occasional good cry. Nor will anyone with a working knowledge of the ways of misfortune deny the terrifying iteration with which strokes of ill-fortune can overwhelm an individual or a group of individuals. But to heap misfortune on heaped misfortune, exclaiming, smugly, " This, too, is due to the war ! " at each shovelful of gloom, is surely rather an unfair use of your scapegoat as a kind of *diabolus ex machina ?*

In any case, the misery of " For Services Rendered " is a trifle too thickly spread. By curtain fall, Charlotte Ardsley is dying of cancer; Collie Stratton has committed suicide; Eva is mad as the result; Lois has gone off with the self-made man, whose wife's heart is consequently broken; Sydney is as blind as ever; so is Howard in another sense, and Ethel is still married to him.

As this climax developed, I was increasingly reminded of Julia Moore, " the Sweet Singer of Michigan," who, on account of the casualties she inflicted on her heroes and heroines, was described as " worse than a Gatling gun." For Mr. Maugham has bagged two killed and seven wounded (physically or emotionally) out of a total force of twelve. (The three survivors, the doctor, the old father, and the maid, may all be put down as dramatically non-combatants.) A trifle bloodthirsty for a pacifist.

Now, it is normally regarded as dialectically a little bold—to put no finer point on it—to say that every kitchen maid who trips and breaks a dish, does so as the result of the unbalancing effect of her war-babyhood. And yet such an argument would really be only a slight extension of the lines on which the play runs.

Country towns, after all, were dull before 1914; seduction, if history is to be believed, is not an entirely post-war diversion; nor are profiteers exclusively post-1918 phenomena. Drunkenness, since the war, has substantially decreased; and if cancer has increased, that is because it is essentially a disease of civilization, that progressive civilization which is to herald the era of perpetual peace.

Finally, no shortage of eligible young men between twenty-four and thirty-four can have anything whatever to do with the war, since no men of this generation were called on to fight in it. One great point made in the play, the sex-starvation of the post-war heroine, is thus based on elementary error of fact.

The acting is on the whole excellent. Charlotte Ardsley, admirably played by Louise Hampton, is an attractive character extremely well drawn. (Mr. Maugham puts into her mouth the best lines of the play: first, when she declares that she does not mind dying, as her faith is still in "the shadow which is all you clever people have left me of my God," and later when she describes life for her generation as like "a party which began pleasantly enough, but ended by becoming so rowdy.") Flora Robson, too, excellent as Eva, is in one scene magnificent; while Howard, the drunkard, is always attractive.

But a few well-drawn characters and two or three good lines are not enough, and on the whole, Mr. Maugham, who has been regarded—and rightly so—as the greatest of our dramatists, has written a bad play. Even its propagandist value must be destroyed for intelligent people by the obviously loaded dice which the author employs. In fact, to refer to the play (as one of our best-known critics has done) as a "slashing indictment of the post-war period" is on the same level of silliness as calling a Soviet anti-God poster a "slashing indictment of religion."

If, as Mr. Maugham said, this might be his last play, it is a great pity. From the author of one of the best of war books—"Ashenden"—we had expected more; and, as a previous admirer of Mr. Maugham, as a novelist and dramatist, may one express the hope that, in fact, he will write more plays, if only to avoid this sorry anti-climax to his present great position as a dramatist.

But let them be nothing like "For Services Rendered."

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Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

An Alexandrian Age

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY expresses modernity with such force and charm that he has already become a symbol of his age. In sermons, articles, and conversation it is he who is commonly referred to as the incarnation of the "Zeitgeist." And Mr. Huxley's most recent publication, "Texts and Pretexts" (Chatto and Windus), makes it clear that he deserves the distinction; for here the modern mind is displayed with such accuracy that the book should become an historical document.

The plan of the book is itself a characterization of the age. Wishing to express his likes and dislikes on a wide range of subjects, Mr. Huxley has chosen passages from the poets, grouped them under such heads as "Earthly Paradise," "Self Torture," "Desire," "God," "Hocus Pocus," "Death," and printed them with his own mordant comments. "It would have been better," as he remarks, "to write it all oneself—a new Divine Comedy; and, if I had the abilities of Dante, I should certainly have undertaken the task." But lacking those abilities he contented himself "with picking up these broken and half-forgotten fragments from the past and

fitting them, one here, one there, into their appropriate places in the jumbled mosaic of contemporary experience." Here, then, is the modern substitute for a Divine Comedy. Sterile and Alexandrian, it is a medley of other men's affirmations, brought together to show how many amusing views it is possible to toy with, how many pleasures lie before the wise eclectic, and what a subject the world is for sarcasm and wit.

Flippancy and Guilt

THE true eclectic is doomed to flippancy. It is the one mood that is sure to prevent seriousness from breaking in, from marring the wide-ranging pleasures of taste. The more important the subject-matter, the more pressing is the need for the gay, inane touch. When writing on such sobering topics as old age, death, and religion, Mr. Huxley is driven to forget even his sophistication, reverting to jibes that must first have charmed him in the Sixth Form. "The art of medicine," he writes, "permits us, in some measure, to postpone the onset of age and to alleviate its symptoms. By rendering the abiding consolations unnecessary, monkey glands may rob Christianity of some of its most important functions. (I use 'monkey gland' generically to connote any rejuvenator. At the present time church-going is certainly cheaper and may, in many cases, be more effective than Voronoff's operation)."

It is characteristic, not only of Mr. Huxley and the moderns, but of every sterile declining age in history, that the only moods which are permitted sincere expression are those of despair and guilt. The writer who can face great subjects honestly, without the strained flipness of that passage on old age, can usually face pleasure—even the most carnal pleasure—with the same directness. But Mr. Huxley, who can never ignore carnality for long, can never enjoy it for even a moment. After some lusty passages by Middleton, Peele, and Marlowe, Mr. Huxley comments: "The earthly paradise, the earthly paradise!

With what longing, between the bars of my temperament, do I peer at its bright landscape, how voluptuously sniff at its perfumes of hay and raspberries, of honeysuckle and roast duck, of sun-warmed flesh and nectarines and the sea! But the bars are solid; the earthly paradise is always on the farther side. Self-hindered, I cannot enter and make myself at home." It is proper that Baudelaire, the poet of guilt, should be a favourite of Mr. Huxley's. But the difference between the men is instructive. Beaudelaire is a great poet because he takes his sense of guilt seriously, transmutes it into a sense of sin, and thus creates a universe of moral values out of the horror of his experience. To Baudelaire, a world in which such suffering exists must have significance—must, therefore, be a proper subject for great art. But for Mr. Huxley, not even his self-frustrating sense of guilt, not even what he calls "the inveterate persistency of an old remorse," is allowed to seem important, or at least not for long. It is soon put in its place, somewhere in the "jumbled mosaic of contemporary experience," and is thus, like all the rest of life, made vain, senseless, and undignified.

Mr. Galsworthy on Character

SOME of the effects of this Huxleyan insistence on insignificance are shown in the reception given by many of the critics to Mr. Galsworthy's new novel. "Flowering Wilderness" (Heinemann) has a great theme. It is the story of a young English poet—a gentleman, and a modern agnostic—who was captured by a fanatic Arab and offered the choice between death and conversion to Mohammedanism. He chose the latter. When he returned to London and fell in love with the daughter of a general, his apostasy became known. The girl's family, and all her world, regarded him as "yellow." The conflict within himself, and between him and the world, makes one of the most moving stories that Mr. Galsworthy has told. Many critics, however, have found the story a tempest in a teapot, being unable to

believe in any group of people so humourless as to demand loyalty or courage of a man. Mr. Galsworthy himself has supplied the answer to these critics. "Would it surprise you," asks one of his characters, "if I told you that there isn't one in twenty people about town who'd do otherwise than yawn if you asked them to condemn Wilfrid for what he did? And there isn't one in forty who won't forget all about it in a fortnight."

"I don't believe you," said Jean flatly.

"You don't know modern Society, my dear."

"It's modern Society," said Jean even more flatly, "that doesn't count."

Mr. Galsworthy would have been less irritating to the critics had he shown his hero as in every way a normal and estimable man, whose willingness to adopt Mohammedanism at the pistol's point was no more significant than the colour of his hair. It is by suggesting that the man who would do that particular thing has a particular sort of character, and by tracing the workings of that character in the normal relations of life, that Mr. Galsworthy has offended his more advanced critics. There is no place for character in the "jumbled mosaic of contemporary experience."

Some Diverting Novels

AMONG the other new novels are several that are entertaining, but none that are as significant as Mr. Galsworthy's. "A Long Time Ago," by Margaret Kennedy (Heinemann), is an ironic tale which raises the question as to the nature of truth and which is at the same time diverting. Mr. Somerset Maugham's "The Narrow Corner" (Heinemann) is not Maugham at his best. Nevertheless, it is so well done, it is so zestful and amusing, that it is ungrateful to blame it for lacking an importance that it does not claim. In "They Were Defeated" (Collins), Miss Rose Macaulay writes of England under Charles I. The period was so important, the issues of the day so exciting, that it is impossible not

to judge this novel by the highest standards. And, by such standards, it is found wanting. Miss Macaulay's detached, amused point of view is better suited to the modern scene than to the age of Milton's youth. Why write a serious novel about Caroline England, if the historical crisis is not to be interpreted, not to be endowed with meaning? As a story, "They were Defeated" is charming. As a piece of historical creation, it is negligible.

T. S. Eliot*

By Hugh Kingsmill

In the preface to "For Lancelot Andrewes," which was published in 1929, T. S. Eliot defined his position as "classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and Anglo-Catholic in religion." But the apparent precision to which his opinions have attained has only widened the gulf between his thoughts and his emotions. The conflict between the thinker and the poet in Eliot is not only unresolved by the direction his intellectual development has taken, it is intensified. In a conflict of this kind, the poet suffers the more obvious injuries, but the thinker is also damaged. The harmony of a man's thoughts depends on the harmony of his emotions. When his thoughts and emotions are at variance, both lose in coherency.

In the tribute to Charles Whibley, with which his "Selected Essays" concludes, T. S. Eliot says: "Critics sometimes comment upon the sudden transitions and juxtapositions of modern poetry. . . . Whether the transition is cogent or not, is merely a question of whether the mind is *serré* or *délié*, whether the whole personality is involved; and certainly, the whole personality of Whibley is present in whatever he wrote, and it is the unity of a

* Selected Essays: 1917–1932. (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.)

personality which gives an indissoluble unity to his variety of subject."

In the presence of Whibley, a rich, vigorous, unified personality, Eliot, a far finer mind and more poetic spirit, but a less integrated personality, instinctively realizes and acknowledges that the unity of a man's work depends on the unity of his personality. But the importance his instinct here gives to personality is in direct contradiction to what he thinks as an authoritarian and institutionalist. "Poetry," he says elsewhere, speaking as an authoritarian, "is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things." Whibley, however, as Eliot shows, found neither his emotions nor his personality oppressive. Eliot's crusade against personality is, in fact, a purely personal matter, and has its origin in his disgusted sense of the baseness and pettiness of individual man, in his own distaste for life, and "its burnt-out end of smoky days." Men, he says, in a controversy with Middleton Murry, cannot get on without giving allegiance to something outside themselves. Murry, it seems, had said that men must obey their "inner voice," to which Eliot replies: "The inner voice sounds remarkably like an old principle which has been formulated by an elder critic in the now familiar phrase of 'doing as one likes.' The possessors of the inner voice ride ten in a compartment to a football match at Swansea, listening to the inner voice, which breathes the eternal message of vanity, fear and lust."

With such a loveless view of men, Eliot naturally disbelieves that they can advance on the way of perfection without external guidance of a peremptory nature. Allowing them only base desires, he denies that those who listen to the "inner voice" can possess the desire of perfection, and puts into the mouth of those listeners to the "inner voice" who practise writing the following

anarchical sentiments: "We are not, in fact, concerned with literary perfection at all—the search for perfection is a sign of pettiness, for it shows that the writer has admitted the existence of an unquestioned spiritual authority outside himself." Is this disingenuous trifling, or is Eliot really ignorant that men may believe in perfection without recognizing any authority but their own intuition of an ultimate reality? Even Catholic mystics have sometimes been hindered in their search for perfection by authority, for Catholic mystics, as well as workmen taking an afternoon off, have their "inner voice." Eliot knows this, yet he writes as if the "inner voice" were a morbid product of English Puritanism. Its practical results, he says, are exposed in Samuel Butler's "Hudibras." That is true, but the "inner voice" of English Puritanism also produced "The Pilgrim's Progress." "Some also have wished that the next way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there is an end." This is not "the eternal message of vanity, fear and lust."

Now what is the authority outside themselves to which Eliot wishes writers, as writers, to pay allegiance? "Between the artists of any time," he says, "there is, I believe, an unconscious community. And, as our instincts of tidiness imperatively command us not to leave to the haphazard of unconsciousness what we can attempt to do consciously, we are forced to conclude that what happens unconsciously we could bring about, and form into a purpose, if we made a conscious attempt." The only practical shape which the suggestion contained in this passage could take is a committee of authors who would elucidate the tendencies in contemporary literature, ban any further expression of those tendencies which, presumably by a majority vote, the committee disapproved, and encourage further expression of those tendencies they judged to be salutary. When one

reflects on the slow progress into even the most limited outside understanding and esteem which nearly all great writers have had to endure, and the immediate approval extended to those writers who reflect the passing moods of their age, one may reasonably shrink from adding this committee to the other burdens on the back of genius.

This, however, is perhaps only a passing extravagance of Eliot's. His permanent view of what genius needs is given in his essay on Blake. "Blake," he begins by saying, "was not a naïf, a wild man, a wild pet for the super-cultivated . . . his early poems show immense power of assimilation." But he was early apprenticed to a manual occupation, and being a humble engraver had no journalistic-social career open to him. It was his obscure life, in Eliot's opinion, which kept him innocent, "not his supposed inspired and untaught spontaniety." But Eliot holds that it damaged him at the same time—"What his genius lacked was a framework of accepted and traditional ideas."

In denying that Blake was "a naïf, a wild man," Eliot is implicitly denying that a man of Blake's genius could have been indebted for his inspiration to anything so degrading as the "inner voice." Blake, he argues, started well by assimilating Elizabethan and eighteenth-century culture. But his circumstances, while preserving him from journalism and society, and thus keeping him innocent, debarred him from completing his education along traditional lines; and he was further handicapped by being an Englishman. His work, Eliot says, "illustrates the crankiness, the eccentricity, which frequently affects writers outside of the Latin traditions. . . . The concentration resulting from a framework of mythology and theology and philosophy is one of the reasons why Dante is a classic, and Blake only a poet of genius."

A literary Church, affiliated to the Catholic Church, would seem, then, to be the authority to which Eliot wishes writers to pay allegiance. Yet his own poetry, in

spite of the culture forcibly grafted on it, lacks coherency and completeness. Its gleams of beauty and profundity owe nothing to what Eliot has consciously acquired, but express only his instinctive sense of reality, from which he has sought refuge within a framework of precise affirmations. His whole personality is present neither in his prose nor in his poetry. More is needed than a unified personality to produce great literature. Whibley was not a great writer. But without a unified personality no writer can be really great, though he may show flashes of greatness. That Eliot realizes this half-consciously is shown when he treats of Shakespeare. It is true that he denies Shakespeare the capacity to think. "By thinking I mean something very different from anything I find in Shakespeare." But he denies this capacity to Dante, too; both denials being due to the fact that he cannot recognize thought when it is implicit in emotion, as it usually is in Shakespeare and Dante; thinking and feeling being for Eliot two widely separated activities. Yet, though themselves incapable of thinking, Shakespeare and Dante, Eliot says, had the thought of other men behind them. The thought behind Shakespeare was "the mixed and muddled scepticism of the Renaissance"; the thought behind Dante was "the thought of a man as great and lovely as Dante himself—St. Thomas." After what Eliot has said about Dante and Blake, one would expect him to rank Shakespeare, handicapped by the inferior thought of the Renaissance, far below Dante. But he explicitly denies that Dante is a greater poet than Shakespeare. In the presence of a unified personality as great as Shakespeare's, he forgets all about "the framework of mythology and theology and philosophy" which elevates Dante above Blake, and ought logically to elevate him above Shakespeare, too. "What every poet starts from," he says, "is his own emotions. And when we get down to these, there is not much to choose between Shakespeare and Dante . . . Shakespeare, too, was occupied with the struggle—which alone constitutes life for a

poet—to transmute his private and personal agonies into something rich and strange, something universal and impersonal."

In this passage, at any rate, poetry is for Eliot not an escape from emotion, but a transmutation of emotion, and the way of literary perfection, from the personal to the universal, is found by the poet himself, not charted out for him by any external authority.

Colossus of a Dwarf

THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. (Edited and with an Introduction by ALDOUS HUXLEY.) (Heinemann. 21s.)

D. H. LAWRENCE was a minor poet, although his ear for verse was defective. He had the poet's gift of looking at the concrete world with ever-fresh eyes, and of recreating it in phrases, but he had none of the great poet's creative memory of his successive visions. His creative gift, which was powerful but abortive, was occupied largely with the attempt to project himself into words. It is to be hoped that this collection of letters—so strikingly alive with Lawrence's strange personality, so uncritically frank, and revealing—will lead to a better understanding of that self which constituted Lawrence's only subject-matter, and thus lead to a less hysterical evaluation of him as an artist.

Mr. Harold Nicholson, reviewing, apparently, this volume of letters, writes: "There is a tendency among certain critics . . . to regard D. H. Lawrence as a neurotic. That foolish legend will, we trust, be killed by this publication. The whole correspondence of D. H. Lawrence pulsates with sanity, even in little things." I would be very glad if all the scientific terms of psychoanalysis could be banished from literary criticism—but if we are going to use those terms we must have some respect for what they mean. If Lawrence was not neurotic, the word means nothing and should be crossed out of all our lexicons. Mr. Nicholson's contention that Lawrence was *sane* is no refutation of the latter's neurotic character. The neurotic is always dismally sane—he is, in fact, a neurotic because he is not able to escape an insoluble conflict by going irresponsibly mad. Nor is there

any moral or æsthetic judgment implicit in the word *neurotic*. It is often used erroneously as a pretentious way of calling names—but that is no reason for a responsible critic to make an equally erroneous denial.

Lawrence has been praised for having all his life been completely "loyal" to his *daimon*, his genius. Certainly the continuity of his *personality* through life was remarkable; there is in these letters no sign of any moral struggle, no evidence that life ever presented to Lawrence a problem larger than himself, or that he was ever able to formulate an intellectual issue out of the constant conflict between himself and all reality outside himself. Loyalty implies effort—Lawrence's journey through life seems to have been mechanically motivated. He went where the spirit moved him, not because he had decided that the spirit prompted him wisely, but because he was driven. His reasons for what he did and thought were always rationalizations—his "thinking" was always a search for words which would explain the dark working of his own instincts.

These are controversial statements, but the evidence for them in Lawrence's own words is overwhelming. "There is no point. Live and let live, love and let love, flower and fade, and follow the natural curve, which flows on, pointless." . . . "I am doing a novel which I have never grasped. Damn its eyes, there I am at page 145, and I've no notion what it's about." . . . "Do not keep your will in your conscious self. Forget, utterly forget, and let go. Let your will lapse back into your unconscious self, so you move in a sleep, and in darkness, without sight or understanding. Only then you will act straight from the dark source of life, outwards, which is creative life." What an amazingly complete little pattern the man was. His exceptional gifts of expression of spiritual passion, all seemed, while he was still a young man, to turn inwards. They were never at the service of any person or any thing—not even at Lawrence's service, for he was a slave to the *daimon*, and to call him a "loyal" slave is either a redundancy or a roundabout way of saying what is perfectly true—that his intellect was so dwarfed and bemused by his emotions that it never for a moment recognized that it was in bondage.

When Lawrence wrote the advice "Let your will lapse back into your unconscious self, so you move in a sleep, and in darkness, without sight or understanding," he was stating his

only theme. It is a description of Lawrence's own way of dealing with life; it is a statement of the subject-matter of everything he wrote—it is all the wisdom he has to offer his readers. To many people it seems to have become gospel, for it fits perfectly into the most commonplace fallacy of modern thought—that is, the fallacy that if, or because, the unconscious provides the raw material of art, the artistic process is therefore a conscious turning-back toward the unconscious. The idea is in its own terms nonsense, but much of what passes for criticism is a juggling about of these mutually contradictory terms—and Lawrence is the arch-prophet of the school.

He rejected reason, he rejected all the intellectual effort which men feel distinguishes them from beasts. Every phase of reality—places, and people all over the world—was for him either a brief complement to his own ego, or an insulting thwarting of that ego. He hated everything. He hated, at times, everybody, and he would have hated himself had he ever realized that there was any solid ground outside himself from which he could be viewed. Everything outside him was terrifying and unpleasant, because it was not—Lawrence, and he was only aware of the universal problems of mankind when those problems did not transcend his own. And the function of the artist is to transcend his own problems. Lawrence never got beyond reiterating the fact that he had a problem. ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

The Best of Gossip

THE GOLDEN AGE OF LETTERS. TEN LETTER-WRITERS. By LYN LL IRVINE. (Hogarth Press. 8s. 6d.)

MISS IRVINE writes a book that one can enjoy as a connoisseur enjoys a good wine. She has subtlety in the appreciation of detail, and her curious, ruminating mind puts the fruits of that subtlety to fullest use, tracing, with a flair for consequences, the permanent significance of the details of character and circumstance which she has so acutely observed. Her generalizations are thus most acceptable, as for example, "There is no such thing as a foolish sex and a sensible one, yet a serious man will often find relief in some form of entertainment entirely unconnected with seriousness, while a serious woman seldom does. She prefers the change to another type of seriousness."

This quality as critic makes Miss Irvine delightful in her present survey of the personalities of ten letter-writers whose lives significantly cover the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries, the years when individualism flourished in its most charming and audacious possibility, between the anti-individualist periods of the Middle Ages and the Industrial Age, the former with "Church and other tyrannies," the latter with swollen populations and "War and Economics" as extinguishers of the personal element and individual eccentricity. The happy interregnum was the age of the letter-writers. Life was leisurely, and society compact. Gossip therefore could have its day, without the Middle Ages to accuse it of profanity, or the twentieth century to brush it aside as futile. It had to express itself in conversation, because literature was still too formal to take its place. And conversation includes letter-writing.

Miss Irvine examines the minds of ten of the world's best letter-writers who penned their immortal conversation during those two centuries of civilization. In point of time they begin with Madame de Sévigné and end with Charles Lamb, the last of whom Miss Irvine concludes "was not by nature a letter-writer, he suited letter-writing to his own ends." All were interested in the spectacle of life, but only as it was reflected from the mirror of their own egoisms. They were all, therefore, snobs of a kind, since they had no use for any of life's manifestations that might not serve as grist to their mills. Their wit, their self-focus, their selectiveness, could not exist to-day, for, as Miss Irvine says, "the snobbishness of individuality, while much more entertaining to practise and observe than class or intellectual snobbishness, has less compatibility with democracy than either of them. It blots out of the book of life hordes of human beings."

That is why modern democracy has tried to crush it. For the time being it is defeated, sunk in despair before the spectacle of a mob-ridden, mass-producing world. It has nothing that seems worth saying, and no other outstanding individuality to whom it might speak. That is the reason why letter-writing has died. Mechanical changes, such as quickened transport and the invention of the telephone, might be cited by Marxists as an explanation, but such a materialistic reasoning is not sufficient.

Miss Irvine deals also with Horace Walpole, that detestable male spinster; Madame du Deffaud, his blind confidante; Dorothy Osborne, sweetest of English women; Merimée, the fine flower

of the Second Empire; Cowper, that tragic angel in carpet slippers; Lady Bessborough; Swift; and Mrs. Carlyle, that bundle of neurotic falsehood, the only element in Thomas Carlyle's life which makes one pity him. About them all Miss Irvine says so many true things in phrases so apt (as of Cowper being "surrounded with men and women worshipping God as placidly as sheep crop the turf") that it is impossible to quote one or two without being unfair to the rest.

RICHARD CHURCH.

Talleyrand

TALLEYRAND. By DUFF COOPER. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)

THIS book has been widely and very justly welcomed as one of the most accomplished biographical studies of recent years. The task was not an easy one. It is difficult to write a good life of a diplomatist, because his profession entangles him in such ramified complications. It is also difficult to write a good life of a man who lived a very long time, because the "plot" extends itself so far that it is in danger of degenerating into a mere "chronicle," like Shakespeare's less successful historical plays. Talleyrand embodies both these difficulties: he was a long-lived diplomatist. He was active as the colleague of Mirabeau in the opening year of the French Revolution and active as the colleague of Palmerston in the matter of Belgian independence, as Louis-Philippe's ambassador in London. Midway between he played for ten years the part of Odysseus to Napoleon's Achilles. Mr. Duff Cooper may have been conscious of these difficulties. His reader is not. The book is triumphantly unified, and holds the attention from the first page to the last.

Whether Mr. Duff Cooper's estimate of Talleyrand is historically sound is another matter altogether. It has been said that this book gives us just that estimate of Talleyrand which Talleyrand himself would have liked to give us. No doubt, if books circulate in the place where he has gone, he has perused these pages with many a smile of satisfaction, and has ordered many copies for distribution among his old friends and enemies. Talleyrand always maintained that he was a consistent patriot, and that he only deserted the various governments he served when they deserted France. In general Mr. Duff Cooper supports this claim.

Is it necessarily mistaken? Of course the hero-worshippers of Napoleon can never forgive Talleyrand, but those of us who do not suffer from that prevalent superstition can at any rate give Talleyrand's apologist a fair hearing. This at least may be said. The biographer who is a little too kind to his subject will always get nearer to the truth than the cynic who wastes his cleverness on the exposure of what he takes for shams.

D. C. SOMERVELL.

What Next?

BLACK MISCHIEF. By EVELYN WAUGH. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

No characters become more rapidly boring and out of date than those which advertise themselves as being "bright and young." They are the sensation of a season. When the season is over they become as tedious as a year-old illustrated paper. Basil Seal, the hero of Mr. Waugh's new story, is well-advised when—after waking from a melancholy binge in an unfamiliar flat—he decides to cut loose from the vile (and now rather putrescent) bodies of his particular set and make a dash for Azania, to attend the coronation of his Oxford contemporary, the Emperor Seth. He obtains his passage money by extracting a cheque from his mistress and pinching his mother's emeralds. In describing Azania—a large island off the East Coast of Africa—Mr. Waugh has made good use of his Abyssinian experiences. The scene is strange and, in its way, romantic, and beneath the exuberant farce which Mr. Waugh stages for our amusement there is a pleasing undertone of horror. The episode in which Basil eats the heroine unawares is flawlessly contrived and handled, and certainly original. It strikes a discordant, perhaps a warning note, and gives ground for the suggestion made by Sonia, after Basil's return: "D'you know, deep down in my heart I've got a tiny fear that Basil is going to turn serious on us too." If Basil's creator should decide to "turn serious on us," the result will be interesting to watch. To have succeeded in amusing large numbers of people three times in succession is no mean achievement, and Mr. Waugh deserves our gratitude. But his present vein shows signs of exhaustion. He has reached the same stage in his career that Mr. Robert Hichens reached after the publication of "The Green Carnation" and "The Londoners." What next? Cash or kudos?

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

Mr. Belloc's Napoleon

NAPOLEON. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Cassell. 16s.)

THE proverbial cat has been far surpassed by Napoleon. Even during his relatively short bodily life, that life was miraculously protected from death or disablement until his destiny was complete. Indeed, as Mr. Belloc well brings out, the one side of his career where Fortune was truly "his protecting goddess," justifying his faith in her, was in his survival of ceaseless physical hazards. "It is more than remarkable, it is a matter for amazement, that under such conditions he passed through all almost unscathed."

But since he passed out of the body at St. Helena, he has had infinitely more lives. Fortune has been unstinted in this memorial lavishness as to no other mortal man. Not many of those lives may have been justified by their contribution to knowledge. But they have presumably justified their production by their contribution to the living expenses of those who follow the literary profession. One of the lessons that a biographical writer learns is that for financial success his selection of subjects is restricted. He may satisfy himself by bringing out the greatness of some undeservedly obscured hero, but he must not expect the great public to share his enthusiasm. It has no taste for discovery—or recovery. If he would meet its taste he had better be content to ring the changes on a handful of familiar figures, and profit by the example of Herr Ludwig with his versatile ability to deal in turn with Napoleon, Bismarck, Jesus Christ.

For the more knowledgeable reader who grows tired of mass production and dubious of such uni-versatility it is a relief when a biographer's field of knowledge happens to coincide with a subject of sufficient popularity. The book under review is such a case. If subjects were to be chosen for authors by vote of their readers, "Napoleon for Belloc" would be a sure choice. Much as Mr. Belloc would doubtless dislike such a method, the democratic choice in this case is justified by his own fulfilment. It is a fine piece of literature and masterly in its method of treating so complex a subject within the limits of a single volume.

No one could write a complete life of Napoleon in one volume. Mr. Belloc's chosen method has been first to give an outline of Napoleon's career in some seventy pages, an outline rich in reflection and comment, and then to stage thirty-three salient episodes in a series of vivid "scenes." It is a tribute to Mr.

Belloc's art that they not only grip the audience but teach it. In my opinion, he has found the best proportioned way of treatment within such limits. We get both a bird's-eye view and a close-up view.

In such a method there is a danger of losing background unless great care is taken. Mr. Belloc has not always taken account of this danger. But he has not yielded to the greater danger of biographical dramatization—that of ignoring the part that a man's work plays in a man's life. His book is a welcome change from the modern studies of personality in a void. He does not allow us to forget that Napoleon's influence on the world —he will shock many people by his claim to its beneficence—was due primarily to his mastership of his craft—the military craft. He shows us the nature and execution of that craft in sufficient detail for enlightenment, even though he omits certain of its features and flaws. He certainly paints an idealistic portrait, like the most ancient and also the most modern of biographers—Mr. Guedalla for example, in "The Duke." But at least, unlike Mr. Guedalla, he does not merely glide over the points where his hero is open to criticism. He examines them, when they come within the compass of his study, even if he acts as counsel for the defence.

The fact that Mr. Belloc places the military aspect in due proportion fulfils expectation. So does his emphasis on the religious aspect. And even though his concluding effort to adorn Napoleon's head with a halo may appear strained, his more general argument that the religious factor contributed greatly to Napoleon's failure, and has been unduly neglected, tends not only to carry conviction but to restore proportion. More surprising is the contention that "the effect of sea power on Napoleon has been greatly exaggerated." Here, some of his points are well-founded. We are certainly too apt to think that fleet operations had the same precision in the days of sail as in these days of steam. Much nonsense has, for example, been written about Roman command of the sea in the second Punic war. But the influence of sea-power is greater than the concrete effect of its operations. In disputing it Mr. Belloc is perhaps inconsistent with his own faith in what cannot be measured mathematically.

B. H. LIDDELL HART.

The Great Proconsul

THE LIFE OF LORD CROMER. By THE MARQUIS OF ZETLAND. (Hodder & Stoughton. 25s.)

THE story of the life of the "Maker of Modern Egypt" has long been overdue. Its omission left a lacuna in the records of his times, and was an injustice to the man himself. In compiling "The Life of Lord Cromer" the Marquis of Zetland has in great measure paid the debt which his fellow countrymen owed to this most renowned of modern proconsuls.

There is in this eventful narrative ample justification for the claim that Lord Cromer possessed exceptional qualities for his task: "sound judgment and a capacity for arriving at and adhering to decisions; unfailing tact in dealing both with his colleagues and the Khedive; infinite patience and an unruffled temper in face of factious opposition and exasperating delay; courage, firmness and determination in fighting, in the absence even of the moral support of his own Government, the paralysing inertia which clogs and hampers progress in all Eastern countries."

The inspiration of his work was a passionate and sane Imperialism, which connoted the conferment of moral and material blessings on others, combined with a conviction that relations between British and Egyptians must be based on a rigid observance of the moral precepts of the Christian Code. This is the answer to the question asked in the Prologue: how was it Evelyn Baring came to be so implicitly trusted by the British public, by successive British Governments, and by the down-trodden Egyptian masses?

We to-day would do well to bear in mind the same theory. We are too prone to regard our position in Egypt from the point of view only of British and of foreign interests and to forget that those interests are intimately connected with the well-being of the fellah. Inevitably, our original object in occupying the country became extended to include the freedom of the fellah from the predatory lust of the pashas. It is just as obligatory to-day to see that he does not revert to that bondage, as it was fifty years ago to liberate him from it.

None of his successors attained to anything approaching his dominating personal position. The success which characterized his handling of the very delicate, often conflicting and ever complicated, problems of his time prompts the question: "Would Cromer have been equally successful in dealing with the post-war

situation?" It would seem as if he might have found himself in serious conflict with the new ideas as to self-determination, which peace and President Wilson had brought into being. On the other hand had he been in office at the Armistice he would assuredly never have permitted H.M.G. to commit, in the autumn of 1918, the psychological blunder which stands at the root of all the trouble we have since had in the Valley of the Nile.

Time and time again Lord Cromer is shown stressing the need for energetic action, for the abandonment of a policy of drift. Two passages—"If the Government allows matters to go drifting on . . . ultimately they will have to choose between a total loss of English influence in Egypt and interference in a much more serious shape than that which is now present," and "Low taxation is the most potent instrument with which to conjure discontent"—might well be commended to those handling Egyptian affairs to-day, where almost complete disinterestedness on the one side, and a distinct tendency to add to the public burden on the other, seems to be the keynote of the policy.

In a review of the events in Egypt between 1883 and 1907, it was inevitable that the Gordon episode should be considered. Lord Zetland submits it to study from an entirely unbiased view-point. It is a satisfaction to find that Lord Cromer emerges with reputation not merely unstained but enhanced. Indeed, the reader turns from these chapters with feelings of deep sympathy for the difficult plight in which both the Home Government and Gordon continually placed Cromer, and lively admiration for the high conception of public duty which animated him throughout the whole of his proconsulship.

In such a comprehensive review of the "Baring reign" it is somewhat surprising to find no reference to the Denshawai affair, which, occurring in the last year of Lord Cromer's tenure of office, left its mark on the political situation of Egypt. Those of us who were in the country at the time know that when the trial took place the British Agent, ailing in health, was on the high seas. We know, also, that in this as in certain other instances at about this time he was stupidly misled by one of his most trusted advisers. But the world at large always held Lord Cromer responsible for what occurred. Lord Zetland might well have included this incident and shown, as he could easily have done, how unfairly Lord Cromer had been judged in this matter.

ARTHUR MERTON.

GOOD FOOD. By AMBROSE HEATH. (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.)

THIS book should be Required Reading in every British home. The housewife who has every morning to plan menus will find it invaluable, for there is first a list of foods which are in season all the year round, and then chapters on each month of the year, with suggestions for appropriate dishes. The recipes will inspire any cook, amateur or professional, for they make possible in the simplest households a number of dishes that are usually never tasted outside of restaurants.

The book is charmingly printed and bound, and enlivened with unusual black-and-white decorations. And the author has an admirable contempt for parsnips.

EVELYN GORDON.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :—

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS.

MEMOIRS OF A BRITISH AGENT. R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART. (Putnam. 9s.)

SAMUEL BUTLER, A MID-VICTORIAN MODERN. CLARA G. STILLMAN. (Secker. 16s.)

GIBBON. G. M. YOUNG. (Peter Davies. 5s.)

WESLEY. JAMES LAVER. (Peter Davies. 5s.)

WILLIAM OF ORANGE. G. J. RENIER. (Peter Davies. 5s.)

THE JOURNALS OF ARNOLD BENNETT. VOL. II. 1911–1921. Edited by NEWMAN FLOWER. (Cassell. 10s. 6d.)

LETTERS AND THE SECOND DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS. Edited, with an Introduction, by R. G. HOWARTH. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

THOUGHTS AND ADVENTURES. THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Butterworth. 18s.)

ARGENTINE TANGO. PHILIP GUEDALLA. (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.)

JOHN MASEFIELD. GILBERT THOMAS. (Butterworth. 3s. 6d.)

TALKS WITH MUSSOLINI. EMIL LUDWIG. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. (Allen and Unwin.)

MEMORIES OF A MISSPENT YOUTH. GRANT RICHARDS. (Heinemann. 15s.)

Books Recommended—*continued.*

ESSAYS.

THE INEQUALITY OF MAN, AND OTHER ESSAYS. J. B. S. HALDANE. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)

THE CASE AGAINST EINSTEIN. DR. ARTHUR LYNCH. (Philip Allan. 5s.)

VERSE.

A FACE IN CANDLELIGHT. J. C. SQUIRE. (Heinemann. 5s.)

NOVELS.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF JONATHAN DREW. CHRISTOPHER WARD. (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.)

THE SNOWS OF HELICON. H. M. TOMLINSON. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

OBSCURE DESTINIES. WILLA CATHER. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

HISTORY.

OUR TIMES: THE UNITED STATES. 1900–1925. VOL. IV. THE WAR BEGINS. MARK SULLIVAN. (Scribner. 21s.)

CHINA: THE PITY OF IT. J. O. P. BLAND. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THERE is a silver lining to every cloud, and some of our misfortunes in the exchange markets of the world will have awakened the sense of patriotism of would-be travellers (many have already appreciated the fact and acted accordingly) in making them visitors to those parts of the British Empire where the pound sterling still has its full value. I was not surprised, therefore, to hear that a number of people who either like to take their holidays in winter or are desirous of escaping the damp and cold of our winter months, are off to the sunny Isles of the Atlantic where in the West Indies and the Bermudas health and sunshine can be had for far less than it costs to take a Continental trip.

* * *

ELDERS AND FYFFES, for example, are running a splendid service of boats for a round trip holiday of five weeks which works out at only £2 a day.

* * *

IN the Bermudas, our oldest self-governing Colony, there are none of those strange elements which distinguish foreign resorts and always make one feel far away from home, for the Bermudas are British to the core. For there you find the British regular soldier and British Army bands playing in the parks—by the way the Band of the "Fighting Fifth," Northumberland Fusiliers, now in the Islands is a first-class one—and for all the world you might be listening to it in the Royal Victoria Park, Bath, not to mention that of the local Volunteer Rifle Corps which did its share in France fighting alongside the Lincolns with which it is now affiliated.

* * *

FOR Nature has decked these Islands with gorgeous gifts of flower and field, and for a rest of mind and body (undisturbed by any motor traffic, for cars are *défendu*) commend me to these glorious isles set in an azure sea. Give me Bermuda with its old English churches grown around, symbolically as it were, with fields of Easter lilies, its wonderful hedgerows of oleanders, its scarlet poinsettia and cordia, its flaming lantana and royal poinciana, its acalphya, pigeon-berry, juniper cedar, palmetto, rhododendrons, palms and delicate maidenhair ferns. These make for restful peace and quiet, but to those who want to find activity there is an abundance of yachting, tennis, golf, riding and fishing, and of the latter sport there are some 415 different species to be caught by hand lines from boats, and it is first-class sport, too. I know few places where fish are of such radiant hues as are in Bermudan waters, or, indeed, of such remarkable

shapes. The angel fish is blue, green and gold, and the parrot, squirrel and cow fish are of most curious shapes and also very beautiful. And its Sea Gardens, seen through glass-bottomed boats, give one a marvellous and lasting impression of the gorgeous colouring of marine growths on coral reefs.

* * *

A GOOD reminder that Bermuda is home from home is given by the rule of the road being the same as in England, "if you go to the left you go right, if you go to the right you go wrong," a metaphor no foreigner can understand however hard he tries.

* * *

BUT to those who desire a romantic journey, which but a few years ago would have been one of danger and undertaken only by the explorer, a trip up the Amazon has wonderful inducements. A friend of mine who used to spend the week at his club and the week-end at Margate (for the sea air!) went last year on the S.S. *Hildebrand* (a sister ship, the *Hilary*, of the Booth Line is to go early next February) and described his experiences in glowing language, albeit he had soldiered for thirty years in many climes. I can understand it, for it is not many years since that the Amazon was regarded as being outside the white man's region of life, full of danger from man, beast and climate.

* * *

TO-DAY medical science has conquered climatic dangers and civilized comforts are obtainable in the towns and cities a thousand miles up the great river, and the romance of travelling far from the usual haunts of ships and men up a river of mystery and within a few miles of forests as yet unexplored has a fascination difficult for any able-bodied adventurous type of mind to resist. I predict that in a short time the Amazon will be the gaol of many men and women who desire to claim the right of being world travellers and yet have never been there.

* * *

NEITHER the Nile nor the Yangtze-kiang nor the Zambesi nor the Mackenzie River have the glamour of adventure of the Amazon or as many peculiarities and marvels of Nature as that amazing and mighty stream. To-day of its water-shed over two million square miles are still unexplored. The valley of the Amazon is the last mighty tract of territory yet to be penetrated by man. Her immense forests have yet to reveal secrets for science and knowledge to unravel.

* * *

THERE is some discussion whether or no dog racing has reached its peak of prosperity, brought about by the reports that some venues are not attracting as large crowds as heretofore. This latter report is, I believe, true, but the times are bad and all forms of pleasurable sport are hit hard. But as a matter of fact

there is a steady number of people who regularly go dog racing and this patronage is not likely to drop considerably.

One fact, however, cannot be forgotten. The increase of the number of greyhound tracks is bound to affect some of the tracks which for some time had a kind of monopoly and attracted visitors from all parts of the metropolitan area and outside. Now people generally go to the track nearest to where they live What is evident is that if the present tracks are to maintain their position no more new tracks should be authorized.

* * *

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL

MEDICAL science is working heroically and desperately consecrating some of its finest qualities of brain and resolution to the cause—to discover a way of preventing and curing cancer. Meanwhile a shadow darkens many lives, overhangs many homes. There is no more obviously Christian work than to share in the efforts that are being made to heal and comfort these poor sufferers. There is no reason why the Christmas festival should be made gloomy by dwelling on pain and suffering; but if we wish to be free from these shadows we must certainly make sure that we have done something to disperse them. Cancer is a painful thing to think of; but the Cancer Hospital is a cheering thing. There will be an extra and a special glow of Christmas happiness in the heart of any man or woman who has made some little sacrifice to assist that institution in its work of healing. No cause is more urgent or more deserving. Donations should be sent to the Treasurer, Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, S.W.

Correspondence

Whig History

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I presume Sir Charles Petrie's vilification of Marlborough in his review of "England under Queen Anne," in the November number of *The English Review*, is intended to correct Professor Trevelyan's "Whig bias"; but it seems to me merely one bias against another.

In 1688, Marlborough was of a mind with most of his countrymen. However wrongheaded we were, we must have wanted the change pretty badly; for w

suffered a Dutch fleet to land that dreary fellow William unopposed, having sent our best sea officer, Arthur Herbert, to bring him over. It is not helpful to single out Marlborough as the scapegoat.

What Sir Charles Petrie calls " the convenience of Corporal John " was the means of beating the French. The Emperor understood neither the use of a navy nor what is needed to make it effective; and in putting his own interests before those of the allies in general he prolonged the war.

Your obedient servant,

Chatham, November 10, 1932. J. H. OWEN.

[Sir Charles Petrie writes:—I am in entire disagreement with Mr. Owen on every point he raises. (1) My review of Professor Trevelyan's extremely unsatisfactory book was not actuated by bias, but by a desire to show that there was another side to the story which had been ignored. (2) The Revolution of 1688 was the work of a small, unscrupulous, and unpatriotic minority. (3) The Hapsburgs knew their own business better than Marlborough, Professor Trevelyan or even Mr. Owen himself.]

CINEMA QUARTERLY

A CRITICAL AND UNBIASED REVIEW OF THE FILM AS AN ART

Contributors include

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